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# Hana,

## a Daughter of Japan

by

Kensai Murai.

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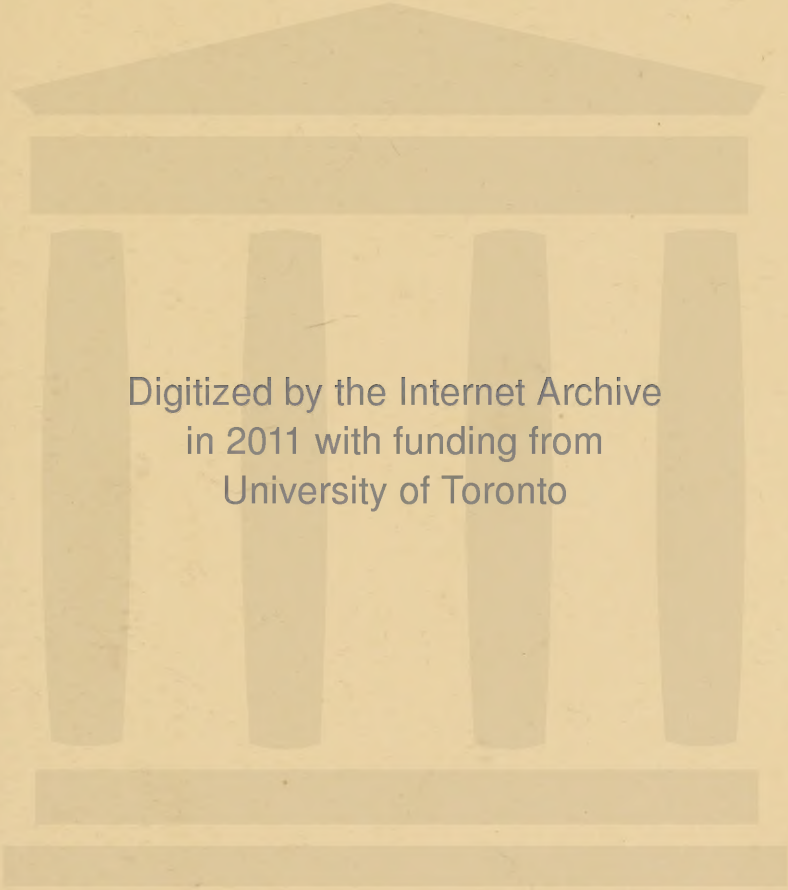
GENSAI MURAI.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"Soon the three came to the open valley." *Page* 7.

Page 7.

# HANA

# A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN

BY

GENSAI MURAI

PUBLISHED BY

THE HOCHI SHIMBUN

TOKYO

1904

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# GENSAI MURAI:

# HIS LIFE AND WORKS

BY

UNKICHI KAWAI.

## GENSAI MURAI.

### LIFE AND WORKS.

Thirty-eight large works, novels and biographies, in fifty-nine massive volumes of four thousand and two hundred chapters, together with more than twenty minor serial stories, besides numerous essays and notes in the last fifteen years, are the product of no small labor. And it is enough to amaze any one that the same author — thus busily employing himself in his literary work — also commanded the staff of editors in one of the metropolitan newspapers — the circulation of which was then only thirty-five hundred — and in ten years has steadily increased its circulation up to one hundred and eighty thousand; and that at the same time, he has been director of the Manufacturers' Association and has supervised a steam pump manufactory as its chief. It may be hardly credible that any one man could do all this, nevertheless the author

of the present work has accomplished it all. He is Gensai Murai, the strong advocate of *kakugoism* *

## HIS LINEAGE.

In one of his works he says, "the success of a man largely depends on his lineage, parentage, and home-training." If this is a stern truth, the author's family line is amply qualified to bring forth a great man of some kind. He is a descendant of an honourable family of old feudal *samurai;* for generations, his progenitors were the retainers of Lord Matsudaira Izu-no-kami, and rendered their service as gunnery instructors. His forefather of five generations before him exhibited his skill in the art of gunnery before the august presence of his lord, making the "highest possible," one hundred "bull's eyes." The lord gave him the name of Ariyemon which means "the sure aimer," in token of his admiration, and the honoured sire handed the name down to

* Explanation of the word is given farther on.

his heirs and successors, so they were all called Ariyemon until the author's father. His grandfather who was a fair type of *samurai*, was a person of high character, upright in his conduct; reserved and mild in his manner; determined and stern in his principles: he was also himself gifted and distinguished as a scholar, as well as in his profession of gunnery. The lord favoured him, entrusting the tutorship of his august son to his hand. The author's father, too, who is now an old man, and enjoying his son's literary success and fame, is well equipped in all the training of *samurai*, and has inherited the father's distinguished literary talent; even after the restoration he often took the tutorship of the sons of the noble families. The author's grandfather has published several volumes of his poems and other works, and his father several works on history.

### HIS BIRTH.

Our author was born at Toyosaki in Sanshu, the province his lord ruled, in the third year of Bunkyu (1863) on the eighteenth

of December. The country was not then in a state of peace as it was awaking from a long slumber of isolation, and was busy in preparation for the new era or restoration. Gensai's father and his lord, as well as many others, were busy with the affairs of the country, and mostly stayed in Kyoto, then the capital city of Japan. Consequently he was trained at home under his virtuous and wise mother, who was the very type of a *samurai* woman, and his grandfather. Owing to the absence of his father perhaps, it is said that he took more of his grandfather's character and the mother's wisdom. The grandfather's training at home was stern and rigid almost to an extreme measure, and the author often expresses his gratitude for his Spartan training though perhaps he was not very grateful when he was a child. When he was five years old, with his mother and grandfather, he left his native place, removing to his father's official residence at Yedo. Shortly after this removal, the war broke out in Yedo, and a battle was fought between the Shogun's party and the revolutionists; it took place at Uyeno. As his father was on

the Tokugawa side, and as his *yashiki* was near to the scene of the battle, his abode was surrounded by the revolutionists, and the shells and balls came breaking through into his house. With the rest of his family, the boy was removed to a safe spot. This battle of Uyeno lasted only one day and the men of the Tokugawa side were dispersed, but on the next day a severe engagement took place in another quarter and his uncle died in this battle. This terrible scene was deeply impressed on the young mind of our author, and he says that he can recall very vividly the fearful sight of the Uyeno battle.

## HIS EDUCATION.

In the tenth year of our author, his grandfather died, and in the next year, the work of the great revolution or, as it is sometimes called, the restoration was completed. In consequence of the fall of the feudal system, the *samurai* lost their occupation as warriors. People were not interested in literary work immediately after the war, and the author's father invested all his property

in a business with which he was not at all acquainted, which ended in utter ruin. After this his father barely sustained his family by becoming tutor of the sons of the noble family. As his father was a scholar, until his fourteenth year he received his literary education from his father and was sent to a private school, where he was instructed under what we call the western system. While most of the boys from the wealthy families spent their time between lessons in pleasure and merriment, he awoke early to draw water for his mother, sweep the yard, and even help her in the kitchen. He seldom took a chance for amusement but spent his leisure in regular labor and systematic studies. All this we may attribute partly to the soberness of his character, but it is owing chiefly to the straitened circumstances of his family. At fourteen he entered the Nanko, now the Imperial University; he showed himself an excellent student and received a scholarship and was made a *tokutai-sei* of the university; thus he was a little relieved from poverty and want. In the two examinations in his fifteenth and

sixteenth year he passed at the head of seven hundred students receiving full marks in every branch of his studies, and gaining a high prize. Excess of study injured his health; this, and the unfortunate condition of his family, obliged him to give up attending the classes. The professors lamented losing so brilliant a pupil.

### HIS SELF-HELP.

After he left the school, he worked hard to assist his father in the maintenance of the family. Amidst his hard labor, he used all his spare minutes in study as all other self-made men in the world have done. He had more inclination for the studies of physics and mechanics, but afterwards he studied political economy. Though he early showed his literary ability he had no expectation of making literature his profession, owing perhaps to his modesty or to not recognizing his own talent. At one time he worked in a newspaper office as a proof reader, and again drifted into a small retail store to work as a clerk, and afterwards with his small savings as capital he started a business

of his own and went to various places in the Empire as a peddler. Though he was working under all this hardship, yet he could not neglect his pen, and often he wrote on Japan's need of a constitution and contributed to the various magazines and newspapers. When the Economic Association advertised for prize essays on "the Remedy for the Present Panic," he sent in an essay for which he received a prize. He also responded to the advertisement for prize essays that was issued by the Mainichi Shimbun — one of the metropolitan newspapers — on "Mixed Residence in the Interior;" he received the third prize for his essay advocating mixed residence.

### HIS EXPEDITION TO AMERICA.

Though he showed himself successful in writing, he had no inclination to pursue a literary or political life, but determined to follow business. In his twentieth year he crossed the Pacific Ocean, scarcely being able to pay his fare. His destination was the great continent of America. As he had

very little knowledge of English, he took good advantage of his knowledge of the Russian language which he had studied in the university, and entered a Russian family as a house-boy. While he was thus sweeping the floor or wiping dishes, he studied English at every spare minute, and after he was fairly equipped with English, he worked in a tobacco factory. About this time he was alarmed by the news of his mother's illness, and immediately left San Francisco for home to see his mother. His mother died two years after he returned home. Our author did not stay in America more than a little over a year, he entered many homes as a house-boy where he had ample chances to detect the unwritten code of western homes, and he advocates introducing a part of it in Japanese homes. In his novels he often discusses this subject.

### HIS CHOICE.

After his return from America, he entered upon various projects, in every one of which he failed. Once he united with a friend to

export Japanese merchandise, and established the "Union Company" though it was not carried out on a full business scale as he had a contrary opinion to that of the capitalist. He then became a school teacher, again a merchant, and again a laborer. In all these high-roads and by-ways, and nooks and corners of life he observed many things — beauty as well as ugliness — he could not do otherwise, with his insight, lively and vivid as a quick camera. There was a wealthy merchant who found out the extraordinary ability and experience of our author, and who knew every failure of his was from a fault not his own, and he offered him a good position and a large salary to work in his establishment. Just at the time our author had a doubt of the success (so called) of a business man (so called) of the day. He knew by this time that it is quite a hard task to find a business man of his ideal type and that most of the so called success is attained by bribes and stratagems. He wisely chose a literary life. He sent an essay to Mr. Yano, a writer of the highest fame — then the chief editor of the Hochi Shimbun,

afterwards Minister Resident in China — to be examined as to whether he was qualified to be a writer or not. Mr. Yano who was a man of generous heart, and was very enthusiastic in assisting his juniors and younger students, wrote Gensai to call on him. When our author had his first interview with this great scholar and writer, he was assured as well as inspired to be a great writer. Our author then entered the Hochi Shimbun as one of the editors and he was also treated as a guest, and allowed to attend a school if he desired. Instead of accepting an offer from a merchant he entered the Semmon Gakko, the school under the patronage of Count Okuma. A year after this, under the necessity of supporting his family, he devoted himself to work in an editorship in the Hochi Shimbun.

### HIS MAIDEN WORK.

Thus he engaged himself in writing for the Hochi Shimbun, and within a year he wrote more than ten short stories just for

his amusement, though they were not published. In his twenty-sixth year he was recognized by Mr. Yano as a novelist, and was asked to publish a few stories in the paper. About this time he finished his "Shosetsu-ka" (Novelist) and published it. It soon caught the attention of the critics and their criticism varied in many points though they were united on one that the young author would establish himself as a great writer in the future. The theme of the "Novelist" is that a poverty-stricken novelist eloped with the daughter of a very stingy moneylender in very peculiar circumstances. It was not an elopement for love. The father of the girl wished to persuade his daughter to a marriage because he could make a profit out of it. She did not like this marriage, so asked the novelist, who was working under her father as a clerk, to run away with her. The novelist knew all her circumstances, and from his sympathetic nature was moved to comply with her request. He took her to his own home in another part of the Empire and entrusted her into the hands of his own parents. She

came out from her own home where there was nothing but covetousness and coldness, and found for the first time in her life a warm and comfortable place. She was naturally a good girl and improved and refined herself in her new home. The parents of the novelist asked the girl to marry their son to which she consented. Soon after this the girl returned to her home, hearing that her father was very ill. While she was with her father, from a misunderstanding of the letters she exchanged with the novelist's parents, she gave up the idea of marrying him. She married another man, and after she had two children happened to meet the novelist whom she could not forget, she had thought it altogether beyond her hope to see him again. In this novel the author has exquisitely woven in the beauty and ugliness in the nature of men, as well as happiness and misery. It is a book of eighty chapters. Next he published "Daigo-ku-cho" This might be called a military novel, and is considered a great friend of soldiers and officers.

HIS "KONEKO."

In Japan at that time a great number of realistic novels in Zola's style only in shorter form appeared representing ideas which, just leaving the old conservatism, dashed recklessly to the other extreme. Like a pendulum they swung from one extreme to the other, from one abnormal position to the opposite. In the midst of these writers our author was never excited, he coolly guided his feelings, and most discreetly he led his readers step by step from their old feeling and thought into the new. All through his writing there is healthy material and sound sense such as is found in few other writers. "Koneko" (Little Cat) was published next to his military novel. It contains two hundred chapters; all through and in every word the more they read the more will readers benefit. This is considered his master-piece thus far. In this work our author took a sailor lad as his hero. The lad rescued a little cat on a beach, and his gratification at his own conduct inspired him to go out

into the world which is utterly strange to a fisherman's boy on an obscure shore. He came to the conclusion that the only worthy treasure he could leave after him, was not money, but a good work to benefit mankind. The lad nursing this noble aim in his bosom, went out into the world. Accidentally he fellin to the hands of a tavern politician full of deceit and craft, and became a servant to his family; from this he was rescued by another statesman. Here our author graphically describes the situation and condition of the political affairs of Japan at that period. The author takes the hero to America where the lad started a great fishing business, gathering several thousand Japanese fishermen. In a certain war the lad assisted the American side with his well-trained volunteers — several thousand Japanese sailors — and thus he left a good work after him. Some critics call this a series of essays rather than an ordinary novel, essays on politics and on the exaltation of industrial expeditions to a foreign country. This book was read even by those who do not fancy reading novels,

and encouraged young men to cross the ocean.

### HIS LITERATURE FOR YOUNGER PEOPLE.

At the request of a publisher he has written two stories for young people. One is "Omi Seijin" (Sage of Omi) and the other is "Kibun Daijin" (The Wealthy Kibun). Both have been translated into English, and Kibun Daijin is under publication in the St. Nicholas now. For the "Sage of Omi" our author took Nakai Toju, one of our most virtuous men and scholars. Almost in every school the teachers read this book to the children, and in almost every home they possess a copy of it. It is very popular among grown-up people, and it impresses on those who read, the magnanimity of the man, and inspires them with the augustness of his character. There is a unique tendency in the writings of our author, that inspires the readers with the desire to become better men and women. His writings are now received with gratitude rather than curiosity. He has established for himself among his

readers a place as teacher and leader of their thought. As for the Sage of Omi, the publisher often could not supply the rapid demand of the public; many copied the borrowed book to satisfy their ardent desire to possess it. Our author is free from a habit that often seems indispensable to writers or men of genius, he is punctual almost to a fault. He rises early; as a lesson he writes a certain number of pages every day. When he takes up his pen, he fully realizes his calling as a writer and leader of the thought of the people. He begins his work with a conviction as a priest before his sanctuary. The Wealthy Kibun that came out right after the Sage of Omi is a story of a dauntless self-made merchant, Kinokuniya Bunzaemon. This too was welcomed by the young folks as well as by the older people.

## HIS HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

In his thirtieth year our author wrote several historical romances. The first one was "Sakura-no Gosho" (A palace of

flowers). He introduced a hero and heroine, a son and a daughter of two lords. When their fathers were on good terms the son and the daughter were betrothed by their parents. About the time they were grown to be a young man and woman, their fathers fell into a stratagem of the enemy and became estranged. As the young man was an excellent warrior, the enemy so schemed that he could not aid the father of his betrothed wife. They went much further than ordinary discord, forgetting they were friends once and that their children were betrothed. They even fell to fighting. The two disappointed lovers were in great sorrow. The author very graphically describes the self-denial of a man and woman of *samurai* family. Love and war are the *motifs* of this story even as they are frequently in Kipling's tales. This has been often dramatized and acted on the stage by eminent actors. At the beginning of the present war the work was dramatized and acted on three stages in Tokyo at the same time. "Kwanto Bushi" (The *samurai* of the East), "Homare-no Kabuto" (A Helmet of Honour), "Yoroi-no Kaze," "Ma-

tsu-ga Urashima," "Tobei-no Fune," "Kasagi-Yama," and "Koyumi-Gosho" came after Sakura-no Gosho, and all were very popular. He has also written some realistic novels, among which are "Tobinori Taro," "Shimbashi Geisha," "Fuyoho," "Shashinjutsu," "Ryo-Bijin," "Miyama-Bijin," "Densho-Bato," "Fusen-Zuna," "Kawasaki Taii," "Machi-isha," "Kuwa-no Yumi," and "Yoru-no Kaze." All these are the works written between the thirtieth and thirty-second year of his age. There are also more than twenty minor works which he has written for various magazines.

### AS A NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

At the time of the Japan-China war (1894) the Hochi Shimbun was in an unfortunate condition as Mr. Yano had left the office two or three years before, to enter government service. Its circulation was only thirty five hundred, and it barely kept its life. Those who were concerned with the paper gave our author the place of chief editor and entrusted the sole manage-

ment to him to restore its position. He took advantage of the war to increase the circulation, changed some of the editors and other members of the staff, and remodelled the whole establishment. For the first three months he stayed in the office night and day to superintend the staff and other workers and when compositers were short, he went to the shop to set the type himself. His energy was rewarded, and gradually the circulation was increased. When he saw the thing on a better course, he employed every spare minute to write another novel to publish in his paper. It is a military novel called "Asahi Zakura." The scenes are laid in Japan, China and England. When the Liao-tung Peninsula was taken away by the unnecessary interference of Russia, the indignation of the Japanese was roused to its highest pitch, though seldom shown openly. It was the greatest disgrace to the nation since her history began. Under the smiling resignation, fire flamed within. This time our author wrote "Chi-no-namida" (The Tears of Blood). The theme of the story was that Japan was suffering oppression and misery

under the yoke of Russia. Before the end of a year after he took command of the staff, the Hochi Shimbun widened its circulation to twenty thousand. The public did not take him for a novelist, but they considered him an excellent newspaper editor. After two years, when he saw the paper on a sure footing, he resigned his place to a junior editor, visiting the office occasionally to superintend the whole affair. Now the paper is circulating a hundred and eighty thousand copies every day. A little while after he published his "Tears of Blood," he wrote an allegorical novel, "Washi-no Hakaze" (Wings of the Eagle). Here eagle was meant for Russia. Also "Oki-no Koshima" was a production of this time; it is one of his historical romances. In 1896 he began his largest work under the title of

HINODEJIMA.

Within the hundred years since Takizawa Bakin — a great novelist of Japan — there had been no large works. Our author undertook this matchless large work, and

it has appeared in the Hochi Shimbun day after day for six years, increasing the interest of the readers the further they advance in the story. It has reappeared again in book form, in twelve massive volumes of one thousand and two hundred chapters. The last volume is not completed yet. This is the work which he has done from his thirty-fourth until the thirty-ninth year of his age.

The First Volume: —

Tomi-ko, the only surviving daughter of a wealthy merchant who was very pious and benevolent, inherited a vast fortune of two million yen with a will to use the wealth for the betterment of mankind. The daughter contributed the half of the wealth to the University, and with the other half she came up to Tokyo to find her ideal spouse. By a very curious circumstance she happened to stay in the house of a scientist, a graduate of the Imperial University. The scientist's name was Dr. Ishibashi. Now the wife of this scientist was a woman of no culture or education. She was a character of a very peculiar kind, who had beautiful

qualities in herself but was unable to shake off the vulgarities in which she was brought up. She knew that she had married a man of a better class, but she was too simple-minded to realize to whom she was married, and took it for granted that he was a man of her own class. She often displays her jealousy towards Tomi-ko, intermixed with the innocence of her simple mind. Tomi-ko once took a journey with the scientist and his wife. In this journey the author describes all sorts of blunders — comical and grievous — of this poor wife, which wound her poor husband. Thus the author gives suggestions to his young readers.

The Second Volume : —

Another scientist, the bosom friend of Dr. Ishibashi, by the name of Mr. Unno, has married a daughter of a very wealthy man. In fact she did not marry Unno himself, but as she was vain and loved nothing but ostentation, she married the doctor's title. Unno too was vain and thought money was everything and all things, but he soon found out that money is only a

secondary matter after all. He was nothing but a henpecked husband and was treated as a slave by his proud, vain, and wealthy wife. In the last part of the book, the wife of Dr. Ishibashi is at the burning point of jealousy of Tomi-ko, so the latter has secured a room in another house. Ishibashi's sister was a girl of amiable character, and soon made a great friendship with Tomi-ko. A certain friend of the doctor could not tolerate the vulgarity of his friend's wife, and advised him to divorce her. The doctor of science showed his magnanimity by declining the advice, and he made a resolution to educate her to be a suitable wife for himself. Here the author insinuatingly describes the highest form of human magnanimity.

The Third Volume : —

Here the writer brings out the most comical discord of the wives of the two scientists in the same hotel. The simple-minded wife left the house of her husband for a time under a certain unavoidable circumstance. For the innocent foolishness — if there is such term — of this wife of the scientist, and for a certain beauty in her

character that unfortunately is covered by want of refinement, the reader can not but sympathise with her.

The Fourth Volume : —

Tomi-ko on her way back to her native province met Ungaku-joshi, a thoughtless blue-stocking, with whom she was acquainted in Tokyo. She was asked by the latter to accompany her to her home where her marriage ceremony was to be solemnized. Tomi-ko yielded to her request and attended her wedding. In Tokyo Dr. Ishibashi had invented a machine that collected and preserved the rays of the sun to be used at night for a torch. We hear the words of Ungaku-joshi often in conversation applied to the thoughtless girl students who act "smart." This amply shows how popular this "Hinode-jima" is in reading circles.

The Fifth Volume : —

Tomi-ko again was seen in Tokyo. The battle-ship Fuji came to Yokosuka for the first time. She went to see the ship with the two scientists, already introduced, and here the simple-minded wife, happened to meet them on the battle ship, and she grieves

her husband more. In this volume the author explains the structure of war-ships, and even naval tactics with the preciseness and acuteness of professional knowledge. The driest of science transforms itself into a thing of interest under the magical influence of his pen.

The Sixth Volume: —

The scientist Unno unable to tolerate the henpecking of his proud wife, left her house, and moved to Kobe with his mother. Ungaku-joshi who used be a very fat and "smarty" blue-stocking and spoke the biggest words, almost too big for her little mouth, went now to Formosa, Japan's new dominion with her newly-married husband. The last part of the book is devoted to their adventures in the new land.

The Seventh Volume: —

Tomi-ko received many proposals to none of which she responded. A young man, Kaoru, by name, was deeply in love with her but she was immovable as a great rock. Ungaku-joshi and her husband returned to Tokyo from their long adventure in Formosa, and they gave a grand reception for un-

married people. In this volume the author has given a very careful description of Tomi-ko's character, and why she was loved by everybody.

The Eighth Volume : —

In the eighth volume the reception is very vividly described. The sister of Dr. Ishibashi marries a gentleman whom she had seen at the reception. The author discusses the theory of Karma, and his conception of life.

The Ninth Volume : —

The young man Kaoru, who is in love with Tomi-ko, enters the army. The most of the book is devoted to the life of soldiers in the barracks, and encourages young men to become soldiers and go through the systematic life of the barracks once in their life. Mrs. Ishibashi has returned to her husband's house, now a cultured and refined lady, a suitable wife for a man of her husband's profession.

The Tenth Volume : —

Though her husband, Unno, had left her perfectly disgusted, the wealthy wife thought nothing of it ; she was proud and vain as

ever. Luxury was her motto and selfishness her end. One morning she found herself in utter poverty as her father lost all the wealth he had. Now she was humbled to her proper senses and began to lament the loss of her husband, who should be the only heaven and treasure for her. She repented her folly and went to Kobe where her husband was living alone with his mother, and in a way unlike her former pride she asked his forgiveness. Her husband believed her, though the mother was not convinced. The author strongly points out that wealth is not the sure foundation of human happiness and also he has displayed his matchless talent in sketching the struggles of a woman's heart.

The Eleventh Volume :—

Tomi-ko and Dr. Ishibashi and others started a society with the name of "The Mutual Sympathy Association" and made it an international affair. The motto of the members is "never speak untruth in any circumstances." In this volume the reader can catch a glimpse of the author's ethical ideas. In the last part of the book, Russia is oppressing China, and Japan is preparing

to take arms for the defence of her neighbour.

The Twelveth Volume : —

This volume is intended to be on the Japan-Russia war. It is not written yet. He has long anticipated this war and purposely left this last volume for the Japanese-Russian war. When the above work appeared to the public he was nicknamed Gensai of Hinodejima. While he was engaged in this tremendous undertaking he also wrote three volumes of the "Life of Saigo Takamori," the greatest personage in our civil war thirty-seven years ago.

### HIS DISCIPLES.

In oriental countries, when a man distinguishes himself in any line of life, he generally gathers more or less followers in aspiring young men. No exception to this rule, our author sways the sceptre over a large number of students. The most of them are pursuing the study of science as he does not encourage them to a literary life. He seems to think writing without sound commonsense does more harm than good to

the readers. We often see in his writings signs that he has purposely obscured his divine spark of genius for fear of a wrong effect on the reader. Though we do not see any distinguished writer among his disciples at present, the day will come when many will step out in the literary world who will lead the thought of the nation, and none who will write yellow-backed novels. His vast experience in the world has persuaded him to write didactic novels to teach the public how to make their homes happy, and to rebuke social evils, and to save people from them. He has retired to the quiet little town of Odawara that faces the Pacific Ocean, with his beloved wife and children, to write and fight against the evils of society.

### HIS "TSURI-DŌRAKU."

For his first didactic novel he has written two volumes called "Tsuri-dōraku" (The Pleasures of Fishing). This is the work of 1901. In this book our author exhorts young people to employ their spare time in the lively sport of hunting and fishing rather

than in indulging themselves in drinking, gambling and other sensual amusements. The book has been read more by older people than by the younger ones. This was a treat quite unexpected by the author, and he was satisfied to witness many a parent changing his way of training the children after he had read the book. Love is the motto of our author, though he has a different conception of it from the most of his contemporaries. He condemns love without principle, conviction, prudence. Often he is severely criticised because of it, nevertheless his books have the largest circulation, and are read with gratitude.

### HIS "SAKE-DŌRAKU."

In 1902, he published "Sake-Dōraku" (The Pleasures of Drinking). It is a book of one hundred and ninety chapters, and a thoroughly temperance novel. In this story two bright young men barely escape by temperance from ruin caused by drinking; there is also a gentleman who has never tasted any intoxicating drinks, who is upright, and of

strong will; also a woman who has had her nerves entirely wrecked by strong drink; again a gentleman who knew the evil of drinking, yet could not stop his habit of intoxication, and has gradually come to utter ruin — the author describes the process of it so very realistically that it causes the reader to swear eternal enmity to alchohol. Some have thought the author was a drunkard himself else he could not write as he does. The writer of this short sketch assures the reader that our author never was in the habit of drinking; on the contrary he is singularly free from all these social evils. When this novel appeared in the Hochi Shimbun, even before it had advanced very far, hundreds of people sent him letters of thanks. Several temperance bands were formed. As soon as it was published in book form, it had a great sale as it is used for presents on many occasions. Only the other day an admiral in our navy who is fighting with the Russians now, wrote to his wife, a promise of temperance; and the good admiral did not forget to write her that he had been taught the virtue of

temperance by this book, which accidentally came on board his ship. Often he hears words of thanks from the wives of men who used once to be drunkards. The author is delighted with the good effect of the book. When he is asked which is his masterwork, his answer shows he is not satisfied with any of his works, except this Sake-Dōraku; he says that the book embodies a portion of his heart, and he has distributed the book among some of his bosom friends.

### HIS "ONNA-DŌRAKU."

After Sake-Dōraku, came Onna-Dōraku (The Pleasures of Women). This is one of his successful novels. He gently rebukes men and women whose conduct can not bear the light of day. This book has contributed in no small degree to the betterment of society life. This is of a hundred and sixty-three chapters, and as a novel it far excels Sake-Dōraku.

### HIS "KUI-DŌRAKU."

From the new year's issue of last year,

his Kui-Dōraku (Pleasures of House-keeping) appeared in the Hochi Shimbun, and without a day's interval it continued till the last issue of the year. It has never been equalled since novels were first written in Japan, for its effect on the public. His Hinode-jima was entirely eclipsed by this work, and the people called him "Gensai of Kui-Dōraku." The book is a good sanitary adviser, a teacher of morals for home life, with more than six hundred different cookery receipts. He has introduced a very attractive young lady who takes great pleasure in cooking as his heroine. There is a learned man who has an astonishing appetite, and is comical and thoughtless in his deportment. A girl fresh from the country makes all sorts of blunders of a funny and grievous kind, in company with a dignified statesman. All the incidents that happen in the book are what we experience more or less in our own homes. In the story the author has demonstrated morals of the highest standard in contrast to our every-day life. Those who read the book cannot but give a tribute of thanks, and there is no room for the critics to upbraid this work of

his. Through this the writer warns readers not to dash into a thing with feeling only; behind the feeling, *kakugo* must be holding the reins to guide it. When this appeared in four handsome volumes, though perhaps the most expensive book ever published in the country, in six months it went into a thirtieth edition, and exhausted in the market the materials for making covers for the books. It is deemed indispensable to possess a copy of this work in homes of the middle class and up, and for the success of this book we are not to forget the valuable help behind the author, for Mrs. Murai patiently went through experiments with over six hundred varieties of food.

### HIS KAKUGOISM.

Each nation has its own unique words dear to the hearts and minds of the people, which are exclusively fitted to the land and can not flourish if replanted in any other country. The Anglo-Saxon word "gentleman," for instance, can not be rendered into any other language; the Anglo-Saxon race

has the sole claim to the word. Of the many Japanese words which are unrenderable in another language by any word conveying the full meaning, *kakugo* is one. Tracing it etymologically, we must go back centuries to a green knoll below the Himalayas, where Buddha taught his gospels. The word originally meant a clear conception of the truth with regard to life and death — no ostentation in life, and no fear in death. It is extensively used now in various senses, though it has not altogether shaken off its original meaning. It is sometimes used in the sense of "resolution" though it slightly differs in its shades of meaning. Sometimes it is used in place of the English words rectitude, honour, conviction, self-denial, and is extensively employed in place of self-mastery or self-control, though these English words do not express the full meaning of *kakugo*. It sometimes means the continuation of resolution in constant practice. Our author's motto is *kakugo*, and he is a man of *kakugo* all through. He regards the first nature of man as selfish, as in the case of people in an uncivilized state. Though they are honest, it is an

honesty that knows no other way, they may turn dishonest the moment they inhale the atmosphere of dishonesty. The true honest man is he that goes through all the evils of the world, yet is inflexible in his principle of honesty by his *kakugo*. He attributes to the lack of *kakugo*, all cases of divorce. He thinks the parties had no *kakugo* in them to be husbands and wives. The parents must have *kakugo* to be the mother or father of a son or daughter. A man with this *kakugo* is often respected and honoured even though he is without education and culture; *kakugo* makes the man, and education and culture are the means of acquiring *kakugo*. While most of his contemporaries are writing about love, our author's motto is more *kakugo* than love.

## HIS HOME.

Those who visit Odawara will find the town clean and pretty, warm in winter and cool in summer, facing toward the ocean. In the rear it is screened by a range of mountains of exquisite shape,

peerless Fuji towering above them. Though the place is not far from Tokyo, it is a good nook for a writer to hide in; it is quiet and free from the dust of the city. Our author has his home here. He enjoys his happy life with his beloved wife and two children, a boy and a girl. Mrs. Taka-ko Murai is indeed an ideal wife of a *samurai* family. She is second cousin to Count Okuma and the niece of Countess Goto, the monument of whose husband is erected in one of the Tokyo parks. She is our author's adviser in every way; the works since his Hinode-jima all come out under her inspection. She is a scholar herself, though she has never exhibited her talents before any guest. A happy home for every one is one of the desires of our author, and that was the chief reason why he commenced to write didactic novels. Beside his didactic novels he has written readers specially for housemaids and apprentices.

### THE AUTHOR AND THE JAPAN-RUSSIA WAR.

Our author long anticipated the present

war. All his military novels had it in view. As soon as the war began, he wrote a little book called "Gunshi Tokuhon" which roughly rendered into English will be "The Pocket Monitor for Soldiers and Sailors," and a large number of copies of the book have been distributed among the soldiers. Admiral Count Kabayama, was pleased with the book, and General Fukushima said to the writer of this sketch that the little book is a great aid to his army, and he regards it as a timely reinforcement of more value than a regiment of artillery. This is a great time for newspapers and newspaper men, so the author has come from his home in Odawara to command the staff of editors in the Hochi Shimbun. It has the largest circulation in the Empire, now, and has had to order another machine from France. His editorial on the "Treatment of the Captives" is widely quoted in foreign papers, especially in America. He is man of action as well as of writing, he sent one of his editors to Matsuyama where the captives are detained, to ask after them and to distribute little necessaries. He has ordered

an enormous number of sign boards, to put on the gates of soldiers and sailors who are at the front, to pay honour to the families. His editorial on "The Destitute Families of Soldiers who have Died at the Front, and How to Relieve Them" has attracted the attention of the whole nation, and his proposition to give them land and timber woods was seconded by intelligent readers. In the midst of his constant labor, he has written "Hana, a Daughter of Japan" and "Akoya, a Kyoto Dancer" to be translated into English. The end in view in writing this book is no other than to make known to the world the characteristics of the Japanese people, possibly be even a glimpse of it. The writer of this sketch deems it an honour to have been asked by the author to translate the book, but as it is no easy work to write in a borrowed tongue, especially to translate, he has hesitated to venture on the task. He was finally encouraged by the author's *kakugoism*, and thus his handicapped English has happened to come before the English reading public. He has no other apology than that he is a nativeborn Japanese and

living in Japan, in which he has great pride. If the readers like the author's way of telling stories, his works will be translated one after another into the English language.

U. K.

THE MEIJI JO-GAKKO, TOKYO

SEPTEMBER 1904.

# PREFACE

# PREFACE.

THE work of bloodshed is sin if the intention is malicious, though the knife of the surgeon is sanctified and brings blessing to man. War is sin sometimes, but when a peaceful nation is forced to take arms against the aggression of an atrocious monster that has come to tread upon her integrity, honour, happiness and peace, then the sword of defence is sanctified. Such a war brings blessing to the world.

Once a Russian book came into my possession ; in there is this statement ; — Take Tsushima for a rendezvous, and we shall finish the Island-Empire, her people will be our slaves in the near future.

Russia's dealings with the neighbouring countries show her ever gluttonous ambition, while her own people are suffering from tyranny. Liberty and enlightenment shrink to nothing at the flourish of the

Tsar's scepter. The case of the Liao-tung Peninsula, Japan can never forget.

The little Island-Empire has unsheathed her sword, sanctified and blessed, against gigantic Russia. Japan knows what she is fighting for ; it is on behalf of humanity, civilization and the world's peace. It will never astound us if the war continues many years. England struggled with Napoleon for twenty-two years : she is our example.

A dexterous surgeon never leaves the germ of disease in the patient, so let Japan fight until the germs of further mischief in Russia be all scraped away.

The author deems it his duty as a writer, to do some thing for the country at this national crisis, and has written this novel for the purpose of translation. His first intention was to contribute to one of the foreign magazines, but he was kindly advised by Gen. Kodama to publish it in book-form, and the present book, thoroughly in Japanese style, is the result of his advice.

This book he sends as the herald of many books of his, to be published in English. Because one fruit that has been snatched

from a tree may taste sour, do not disdain the whole of the tree; time will ripen the rest of the fruit.

GENSAI MURAI.

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*The book is illustrated by Mr. Kwason Suzuki, one of Japan's artists of renown. They are all hand reproductions from wood-cuts. The frontispiece went through thirty-five processes upon thirty-five different cuts; the illustration facing page 122 twenty-eight times and one facing page 270 twenty-three times. The rest of the illustrations are in two colors.*

*A flower of the Platycodon grandiflorum in a circle on the title page is the family crest of the author.*

HANA, A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN

# HANA,
# A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN.

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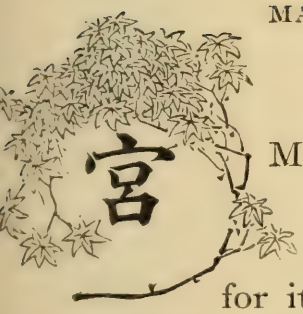
## CHAPTER ONE.

### MARU, HANA'S PET DOG.




Miyanoshita is a beautifully situated little town in the Hakone Mountains, and is well-known for its thermal springs, and as a good health resort. There stand two magnificent hotels, the Fujiya and the Naraya; one accommodates more of the foreign tourists, and the other takes mostly Japanese guests.

It being now the best season in Japan for lovers of nature to take a trip for recreation, the Fujiya Hotel was well-nigh crowded

by the foreign travellers who came to refresh themselves, rambling among the beautiful autumnal scenes, and breathing in the pure mountain air. For the sake of health, very likely, a young foreigner had been lodging there since the summer, and was occasionally seen taking his walk in the park, which is very artistically arranged around the hotel.

It was one of the most beautiful days of autumn, with a clear and azure sky, the very characteristic color of the heavens in this country at the time of the year, when the young man took a solitary walk in search of scenery. He went along the brook that hurries busily on towards Miyagino, a place well known in Japan for the beauty of its maple leaves. This crystal brook, called Haya-kawa (*swift river*), gushes down the steep incline, making an outlet for the lake at the top of the mountain; it forms, here and there, little cascades, and dashing against the gigantic rocks which are numerous in the stony bed of the torrent, breaks into a thousand particles of white foam. The young tourist was charmed by this ever busy and struggling water. He followed the brook

leisurely, amusing himself with the endless changes of view, as if he was in a trance and wandering in dream-land; suddenly he was awakened by the barking of dogs at a little distance. Excited by curiosity, he went towards the noise and turning a little way by a big rock, he saw a little puppy in trouble with two big hunting dogs.

The little lap-dog was one of the pug species, called *chin* in Japan, and had short legs and long hair, with an intelligent face. The young man, had very little knowledge about dogs, but he knew it was a pet of some one, for it was a very pretty little thing with a ribbon tied around its neck. It is natural for any one to come to the rescue of a little creature attacked by big strong enemies and the young man was not an exception to this rule. Immediately, he went to save the little one, shaking his cane to drive the big pointers away, but it was all in vain, for they went on obstinately barking at the little pug.

The puppy tried hard to get away from them and go, perhaps, where his master was; but the big ones blocked the way.

The tourist was obliged to take him up in his arms in order to keep him safe, and the pug was clever enough to know his protector, and very quietly came to him, the big enemies retreating gradually but still barking.

Just then a voice was heard, of one of the gentle sex, calling for the pet, at which the dog tried hard to jump down from the young man's arms. The tourist still held him, thinking it was not safe to let him go, but took rapid steps towards the voice. Presently, he saw a young and fair daughter of Japan approaching, calling for her pretty Maru.

Maru must have been the dog's name, for he struggled away from the tourist's arms and ran to his mistress, happily wagging his tail and jumping around her. She took him up and held him in her left arm and with the right hand she petted him very fondly on the head, saying something in Japanese. An elderly gentleman with a venerable appearance, who evidently might be her father, followed her. The girl spoke to him, at which he came near and began a close inspection of the dog; apparently

their pet had been slightly bitten by the big dogs.

By this time the tourist had advanced very close to them, and owing to the narrowness of the road he was unable to pass them, so he halted there as an unasked guest. He was a man of frank nature and did not conceal his satisfaction at the kind act which he had done, but freely showed it in his smile of delight when he met the girl's eyes. She responded by a pretty smile, knowing he was the kind redeemer of her dog. She made a slight bow to thank him, which he returned with a low bow, when her father turned round, and asked him in English, but not very fluently, —

"Are you the gentleman who rescued our dog?"

"Y-e-s," he said rather hesitatingly, "your dog was in trouble with two large dogs, which I drove away."

The old gentleman was heartily pleased at this answer.

"It is very kind of you," he said gratefully. "The dog was with us, and he was

"A young and fair daughter of Japan."

*Page 4.*

away before we knew, and he was fighting, he is a plucky little thing, you know. We recognized his bark and we hurried back to find him. We are greatly obliged for your kindness."

This conversation in English between her father and the stranger, the girl seemed to understand perfectly, and she manifested her gratitude by her pretty smile, but she said nothing in English. The young man was greatly attracted by her reserved manner and charming smile. She seemed less than twenty years old: there was nothing ostentatious about her, and her attire was good and sensible. Her hair was arranged beautifully in the *Shimada* style, which the high-born daughters of the Mikado like best. Her complexion was very fair and almost delicate; — she was little taller than ordinary Japanese girls, but her figure was very graceful. He could not help thinking, as he was a foreigner, that it would surely enhance her beauty if she dressed in foreign style. The tourist was especially fascinated by her dreamy eyes, and the amiability intermixed with dignity of her manner.

The little dog was now comfortable in the maiden's arms; and the old man asked the young tourist to join them on their way, to which he gave unhesitating consent, and all resumed the path. They soon entered into very familiar conversation.

"Are you going to see the maple leaves too?" asked the old man.

"Yes, I am on my way to Miyagino," answered the new companion, "I hear it is celebrated for the beauty of the maple leaves. Is it very far?"

"No, just a little way further," explained the old gentleman, taking the air of a regular guide, "you see a high hill and cliff out yonder; that's a part of it. If we go a little further, we shall have a full view of beautiful Miyagino."

The girl did not join their conversation; but occasionally speaking to the dog in Japanese, she seemed to be telling her pet to be a good guide.

Soon the three came to the open valley. It was beautiful Miyagino, the *palace ground*, as the name means. The cliffs and hills around, display a thousand strokes of the

skilful chisel of nature, and they are covered and decorated with a profusion of gorgeous foliage, crimson, pink, golden, green, and endless varieties of color. It was like a curtain of the most elaborate brocade or a screen of the finest gobelin. The little crystal brook gushes on, along the foot of the cliffs, breaking in white foam and making at intervals pretty whirlpools. They were all deeply impressed with the beauty of the place ; — the tourist especially was entirely carried away by the scenery, and for a while he was perfectly dumb, till he was awakened by something that jumped at his feet. It was Maru, who had been let down from the arms of his beautiful mistress, and came to play with his new companion and benefactor.

"I have heard of the beautiful autumn scenery of Japan," said the young man, with his hand on the dog's head and turning to the elder gentleman, "but this must be the best, I presume. The agreeable contrast of the colors of the sky, the leaves, the gray rocks, and the white foam below ; there is nothing in comparison for beauty."

"Indeed, it is very beautiful," answered

the old man in his awkward English, "but you can hardly compare these maples with those at Nikko and Usui; they are ten times more gorgeous than these you see now. Have you not been to Nikko yet?"

"No, sir, I have not seen Nikko yet," replied the young tourist, "I am here in Japan since the summer, but as my chief aim is to bathe in the hot springs to restore my health, I have not seen any place except this beautiful Hakone."

"Do you feel any improvement," asked the old man, rather anxiously, "since you commenced to take the hot baths?"

"I don't know," replied he, hesitatingly, "Well, yes, a very little. I have not recovered enough to take a long journey to see any other part of the country."

The young daughter hearing this, looked at the young man compassionately, and the old man seemed also very sympathetic.

"What is the illness," asked the old man, "you are suffering from?"

"I am troubled with dyspepsia," replied young man, "and in quite a severe form, too."

On hearing this answer, the old gentleman seemed greatly relieved of his anxiety and lightly responded, "Oh, it is the trouble of indigestion, is it?"; and the daughter's troubled looks also disappeared. Now she began calling for her Maru, who had been running at a little distance.

The tourist could not help wondering why the word "dyspepsia" was so lightly received by them.

"I have heard you have many hot springs here at Hakone, but is there any," he asked, "that does good for a person in my condition, who suffers from indigestion?"

"I don't think the hot springs do any good as a cure for dyspepsia," answered the old man, "though I have heard the hot spring at Shuzenji in the province of Izu is good. It is not very far from here, but I don't believe a hot spring is the best remedy, nor medicine for that matter."

The young man wondered from his elderly and venerable appearance and from the answer he had just received, whether he were not some eminent physician in Japan.

"I beg your pardon if I make a

mistake," said the young man frankly, "I judge you are a doctor of medicine, are you not?"

He had a hope that the old gentleman was a physician and he might get some good advice as to a remedy.

"You are not mistaken." replied the old gentleman. "Yes, I am a physician."

"May I ask you, what is your speciality?"

"I am not a physician that treats patients," replied he, "you may not quite understand it; I am different from ordinary physicians."

"Then," asked the young man, greatly surprised and puzzled, "what do you treat?"

"I suppose you have not heard of it, yet," replied the doctor slowly, "I treat the diet; I follow one of the old Chinese schools of medicine, called *shokui*. I do not know what you call it in English; — perhaps a diet-physician, or a diet-specialist may convey the meaning. So I might call myself a diet-physician. My special study is the food men eat. Most of the diseases of men come from the food they eat. They ought to take food in accordance

with their constitution and state of health. The medical doctors treat the patients after they are ill, but my system treats men so that they will not suffer from sickness."

The young man felt as if he had found a new light, and he drew closer toward him.

"Now, Doctor," he said ardently, "what I hear from you is very strange, yet, instructive. While I was a student at college, I abused my stomach, indulging too much in drinking and eating, as many of the students are apt to do. If I had known a diet-physician, I could have saved all this trouble. What is the food you would give me? — is it all Japanese food?"

"No, it is not limited to Japanese food only," said the doctor, "I study, now, Chinese and European diet. In regard to food, there has never been so much variety as now in Japan. Besides our own Japanese food, there is Chinese and European cookery; and European, again, is subdivided into French, English, German, and Russian styles, etc. I study all these and take the best from all of them, and I make food in what I may call a new international style."

"That's a fine idea," the young man said, "I have been a great fellow for eating good things; perhaps that was the reason I ruined my stomach. Do you think I can be cured by the special kind of food I take, or rather by your diet cure?"

"That's possible, yes," replied the doctor, "I may cure you. But I must examine your body before I begin my treatment."

"It is very fortunate for me that I have met you, my dear doctor," said the young man very enthusiastically, "please give me an examination. I am a resident of Chicago in America and was advised by my physician to take a journey and to bathe in hot springs, — after long medical treatment, by various doctors, that proved to be all unprofitable. So I decided to go to Japan, — having heard that in Japan there were hot springs suitable to dyspeptic patients. I shall be very glad if you will please examine me."

"All right, I will," replied the doctor, "You had better come to my hotel now."

"Gladly," he responded, — "but perhaps

the young lady will find, her holiday unpleasantly interrupted ? "

The young man put this question simply because he wanted to know how she regarded him.

" No, certainly she will not," said the doctor, rather surprised at this strange inquiry, " you are the benefactor of Maru, her greatest pet ; " and he turned his face to his daughter and asked, " Will you, Hana ? " Hana (*blossom*) was the name of his beautiful daughter, and she blushed like her pink namesakes.

" Certainly I shall not," answered she in good English, " I shall be glad to accompany the gentleman to our house."

These few words in English from her lips were sweet to the tourist's ear, yes, sweeter than the honey comb.

The young man could not conceal his pleasure at hearing her welcome in his own tongue and he took a step towards her. At the same instant he heard a sharp squeal from the dog, and he found that he was stepping on the poor creature's paw, forgetting the pet was playing at his feet. The

young man was embarrassed at this mishap, and bent down to pat him on his head, saying, —

"Oh dear Maru, forgive me."

## CHAPTER TWO.

### THE DIET-PHYSICIAN.

In a Japanese room at the Naraya Hotel, the old physician and his daughter were entertaining their American guest. They were all sitting on *zabuton*, the Japanese cushions. The guest seemed unaccustomed to the Japanese way of sitting on the softly matted floor of *tatami;* he bent his knees very awkwardly.

He had been through his physical examination, and was convinced of the doctor's theories, and willingly accepted his advice.

"So, my first care is," said the guest, "to give rest to my stomach and digestive organs, is it, Dr. Hayashi?"

"Yes, you must do that," replied the doctor, "You know when any machinery gets

out of order, work must be suspended for a certain time for it to be repaired; and so with your stomach. When the digestive organs get out of order, they pour in medicine after medicine, and keep them on working, instead of giving them a rest. That is the reason why they don't recover soon. You must not eat anything for three or four days, and if you feel too hungry in the meantime, you may drink a very little water. After you have given it a good rest for a few days, your stomach gradually regains its normal efficacy for digestion, creating natural appetite. Then you eat what I prescribe, and you will be well. You can not experience a natural appetite unless you fast for a few days. As long as we eat to satisfy the natural appetite, there is no danger of dyspepsia. A delicious dish, sometimes, coaxes one's appetite; but it is a false appetite. You must not eat to satisfy it, or you are sure to ruin your health."

The American thanked the doctor and seemed to understand him perfectly.

"When I get a natural appetite," asked the guest, "what shall I eat?"

"Eat what you feel like eating," replied the doctor, "meat or vegetable. The natural appetite teaches you what your body needs most."

"Yes, but how should the things be cooked?" he asked. He wanted to obey even the least order of the doctor.

"That you had better decide for yourself," answered the doctor, "French dishes or English, or whatever you prefer. But if you like our way of cooking, you are welcome to our table. I think my daughter is an excellent cook; she cooks our food and we don't eat anything in the dining room at the hotel."

The young guest looked up at the maiden.

"Miss Hana," cried he, "may I come and be a guest at your table, your own cooking, after my days of fasting?"

She did not hesitate now to speak English, and she gave him a cordial invitation. The young man already tasted in anticipation, the deliciousness of the dishes of her own cooking.

Maru, who was playing mischievously

with the shoes that the young man had left on the stone step outside the porch, was called away by some one, and ran towards the gate. Presently a foreigner was seen approaching, playing with the puppy. He was a strong and tough-looking fellow of thirty-four or five years of age. He put on a mild and smiling expression, though he could not succeed altogether in hiding a certain want of refinement and even brutality. He came to the veranda and spoke very familiarly to the physician and his daughter.

"Where have you been to-day, Dr. Hayashi and Miss Hana?" asked the new comer, "I was looking for you everywhere."

He spoke in English with a barbarous German or Russian accent. A cloud passed over Hana's fair countenance as if she dreaded the new comer; but it was only for a moment, — she soon resumed her usual sweet demeanour. She looked at her father as if expecting him to answer. The old man was as serene as usual.

"Come in, Mr. Danski." replied the old physician, "We have been at Miyagino to-day."

"I am sorry I did not know you were going," said Danski, "or I would have gone with you." He did not hesitate to express his personal sentiments. "I regret very much that I missed an opportunity of accompanying you, Miss Hana, to Miyagino."

He cast a side glance very slyly at Hana, as he bent down to take his shoes off to come in. The Japanese are clean people and they don't like mud and dirt to be carried in on their shoes. They always leave them outside when they walk into the house.

The stranger, who was called Mr. Danski, by the kind doctor walked into the room. All his manner showed that he was accustomed to Japanese ways of living. The physician presented him a cushion for his seat and introduced him to his new patient. —

"This is Mr. Danski, a Russian gentleman," and he also introduced the young man to the Russian.

"Mr. Danski, this new patient of mine is Mr. Conner, a young gentleman from Chicago."

"Mr. Danski," continued the old doctor,

turning to the young man, "has been in this hotel for over a month living in Japanese style."

After this formality of introduction Mr. Conner spoke to the Russian a few words in English, and while all this was going on, Miss Hana did not seem to be pleased with the new-comer, but spoke very few words and presented him a cup of tea in Japanese style. The Russian tried to talk with Hana in a very familiar manner as if he had been a very intimate friend for a long time.

"How were the maple leaves," asked the Russian of Hana, "at Miyagino, to-day? I suppose you have found them much prettier to-day than they were yesterday. Let me go with you to-morrow." He tried hard to please Hana, and he put a great deal of emphasis on the words "Let me go with you," speaking with a strong Russian accent. The maiden regarded his request very indifferently, but she had to make some kind of answer.

"The maple leaves are very beautiful," said she, "it never tires me to look at them; — the more I see them, the better I like

them." She did not say she would accompany him. Conner was quite relieved to see the new-comer was not much welcomed by her.

"Miss Hana," said the young American, very courteously, being unable to overcome the temptation of showing the rival his victory, "may I have the honour of accompanying you to Miyagino, if you are going there to-morrow?"

The lady's answer was much more favourable to him.

"Yes, very gladly, if my father goes with us." He was almost sure if the other guest was not with them, she would have gladly promised him to go, and if there was the slightest indifference in her answer he attributed it to her natural timidity, and her fear of offending the Russian. Thus he was nibbling his own thought and satisfying himself with its deliciousness, when the doctor interfered.

"Mr. Conner," said the physician kindly, "While you are fasting, you must also give rest to the other organs of your body. A little ramble near your hotel may not harm

you, but you must not take a long walk." The young tourist was greatly disappointed at this, while the Russian cast an insulting smile at him and turned to Hana.

"Please send for me," begged he, "when you go out to-morrow, so I may be in your company. I will climb up the cliff again to get you a beautiful branch."

"The branch you gave me the other day," answered the young lady, as she could not be mute to this request, and pointing to the vase in which the beautiful branch was very artistically arranged, "still keeps its freshness and beauty."

The Russian followed her finger and looked towards the beautiful maple branch, very proudly. The young American was a little embarrassed, for he could not find a subject for conversation. Maru was doing mischief again, — playing with the guest's shoes. This happens very often in a country where shoes are taken off and left on the stone step outside of the porch. There were two pairs of them, and Maru took a fancy to like the young tourist's shoes best. Hana saw what her pet was doing, and went out to scold

him. She turned to Mr. Conner with an apology.

"Mr. Conner," cried she, "You will excuse us for soiling your shoes; our Maru was making playthings of them. I will call a boy to clean them. I am very sorry." She took up his shoes with her own hand, and carried them to the veranda and scolded away Maru.

"Oh, don't, please never mind, Miss Hana," replied the young man, "Maru is welcome to play with them, — that's all right."

Conner was a young gentleman of refinement, and frank and open spirit, with a very pleasant manner. Maru was scolded by his mistress and crept away under the dwarf pine in the garden.

A servant of the hotel came in to announce something to the physician and his daughter, at which they looked towards the entrance; apparently some one was coming. A young naval officer of dignified mien was seen approaching. He was about thirty years of age, and much resembled Hana in appearance.

They received him affectionately. The young tourist thought that it might not be proper to stay very long at his first visit; he made his farewell and came out to the porch, and found that his shoes were cleaned.

As soon as he came out into the garden, little Maru came jumping round his feet. Conner was curious to know what the Russian was doing; unconsciously, but against the rules of good manners, he gave a backward glance, and saw that the Russian was talking with the young captain as if they had known each other before.

Conner turned his steps rapidly towards his own hotel, saying to himself, —

"I don't like that Russian! — He has the look of a heartless scamp!"

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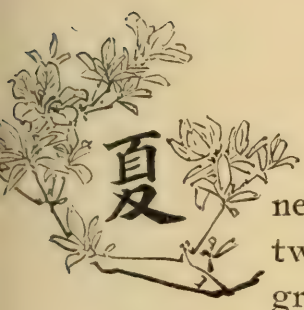
## CHAPTER THREE.

### THE FAREWELL.




Since the summer, diplomatic negotiation had been going on between Japan and Russia. The progress of it was discouraging, the atmosphere getting gradually thicker and more sultry. Russia seemed resolved on accomplishing her selfish design, trampling on Japan's spirit of conciliation. In January of the following year, her evil intention was obvious from the constant extension of her military and naval force in the Far East. The Japanese are naturally a peace-loving people, and have never cherished an ambition to extend their territory, though the nation lacks no power of self-defence when she is attacked by an outside force. As Russia was not prudent in her behaviour, putting Japan in a situation

where she would be compelled to take arms for her defence, our men in the army and navy anticipated the approaching hostilities. The enemy is the greatest nation on the globe with enormous military and naval power. Some of our soldiers and sailors, before they faced the deadly foe, returned home to bid farewell to their families; and Dr. Hayashi's son, who was a naval officer, was among the number. They had strong resolution, and did not expect to return home alive, once they sailed out from the harbour.

Captain Hayashi had not seen his father and sister since he met them at Hakone, last autumn. He was now at the home in Tokyo, enjoying his short vacation with his father and sister. The house of Dr. Hayashi was built in foreign style, and the rooms were furnished in Japanese fashion, and the floor was thickly matted with *tatami*. They sat round a table, and talked about the coming struggle with Russia. The father, who was thoroughly *samurai* in spirit, did not show his grief at sending away his only son to the war; he bore it bravely, and carried

on the conversation in a lively and pleasant tone.

"Well, so we are forced to take up arms at last, are we?" went on the old physician, "Russia's selfish design is very plain, and we can not bear her aggression any longer. Japan will become a laughing-stock, for her cowardliness, if we allow Russia to trample upon our honour and integrity too long. War is not a good thing, but like surgery, we can not avoid it sometimes; and unless the timely operation is performed, the whole body may be affected miserably. We must check the Russian aggression on Manchuria and Korea for the welfare of our country. Indeed, we must chastize Russia for the sake of Oriental peace.

"All her policy in the Far East is from black motives. At the close of the Japan-China War, she intruded into the affair, where she was not invited, to meddle with it for her own benefit; and with the plausible phrase "for the sake of Oriental peace," deceived us into abandoning the Liaotung Peninsula. Then, quicker than a wink, she stole it

herself. She is wicked, *a capite ad calcem!* All her administration is exercised under the despotic principles of ancient barbarian ages. See, now, where her hand is extended commerce is fallen into ruin, and liberty and right flee away where her power prevails. She has trodden on her neighboring states, and now with her ever gluttonous ambition, she tries to gobble up China and Korea, and Japan if she can. Once the sceptre of the Tsar sways over Manchuria, the independence of China, Korea, and Japan is in danger.

"My son, I feel proud to send you to this war, for I know you will fight bravely as our fathers have done of yore. Remember you are fighting for the enlightenment, freedom, and peace of Oriental nations, nay, on behalf of the world's civilization. As a captain in command of a war-ship, you must fight a glorious battle and establish the world-wide fame of our navy."

The father, though a physician by profession, inherited the genuine blood of *samurai* in his veins. His spirit was thoroughly chivalric. The Captain, striking the ashes from his cigar in his left hand, —

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "Don't be anxious about it, father, I am not a coward, I fight none but a valiant and honorable fight. Once my ship sails from the harbour, I don't expect to return alive."

"That was our warriors' resolve from olden times. When you face the enemy with this feeling, there is nothing to fear," said his father, "but, Ichiro, our warriors to-day, have a greater responsibility than only giving their lives. Here is a very popular book called 'The Pocket Monitor for Soldiers and Sailors.' It says in the second chapter, 'Duty should be regarded more than life,' so there is a time when death is much easier for a man than to fulfil his duty, and if he dies just for the sake of death, he can not execute the duty that is assigned him. True bravery is not in throwing away his life, or courting death, but in doing one's duty at the hazard of one's life. You must'nt forget that."

"That's the fundamental principle," replied the son, "in the daily discipline, of our soldiers and sailors. Savages can die on the battle field. At their post and on their

duty, to fear no death, that is for Japanese men."

Hana took up a little book from the table. "Listen, brother," she said, "this is the book, it says in the fifth chapter: 'To feel brave in a victorious war is not a sign of truly brave men; notwithstanding, the truly brave never loses his head nor is flurried at the momentous juncture when the scale is trembling between victory and defeat, but calmly executes his duty at his post.'

"I think this is well said. Of course any one can be courageous at the time of victory. Now, brother, is'nt it the characteristic of our soldiers and sailors that they are brave to the last, even in a lost battle? Though I know our army and navy have not experienced what it is to be defeated in a war against foreign foes."

"Hana," replied her brother laughing, "they haven't given us the experience, really."

The father asked the girl to hand him the Pocket Monitor, and he placed it on the table to show it to his son.

"Ichiro, you had better read this book." said the physician. "In the ninth chapter

it says, 'War should be limited to armed men against armed foes; but to unarmed captives and disabled enemies, sympathy, care and kindness should be extended.'

"'When treasure or valuables are found among the dead of the enemy, hand them to the proper authority to be kept until the close of the war, to be returned to the survivors at their homes. Whatever cruelty the enemy may commit, try not to revenge it. Revenge is an act of savages. Civilized people do not fight for the sake of revenge, but only to chastize folly.'

"Our men must strictly observe all these good precepts and act by this good advice."

"And, brother," said his sister, "I must entreat you to obey strictly the advice in the seventh chapter. It regards health; very sensible advice to those who are at the front. It reads on thus, now listen: 'It is glory and honor to the warriors if they die in battle, but remember, it is a disgrace to die of intemperance and neglect of good rules of sanitation and health, when their lives are so much needed at their posts.' I call it a

'dogs' death.' So you will be very careful what you eat and drink, won't you?"

"All right, sister," answered the brother, "I am the son of a physician, be assured I know how to take care of myself and to observe the rules of good health."

Underneath the dignity and the reserved and stoical manner of their brave father, there quivered tenderest affection, though not revealed. His only son was going back to his fleet that was about to sail out of the harbour to encounter the monstrous enemy, perhaps never to return. That is the way of the fathers of *samurai* families, to be cheerful when they are most sad. So their conversation went on in a sprightly and pleasant manner, when a house-maid brought in an English letter, of which the doctor broke the seal and read.

"Oh, Hana," cried he, "this is a letter from Mr. Conner, he says he is very much better now."

"Who is he?" asked the son. "Is he not the young American whom I met at Hakone, last summer? How is he? He seemed very sickly then."

"Yes, he followed my treatment," replied the father, "and strictly observed my theories. He fasted to give his stomach a good rest for a few days, and after he felt a natural appetite, Hana prepared food for him. He was much pleased by his decided improvement. When we were coming down from Hakone to return home, I told him to go to Atami as soon as the cold weather commenced. It seems he observed my advice, and he is in Atami. He says in this letter that he is perfectly well now, and wants to come to Tokyo to see us. He sends his best regards to you, Hana."

The father looked up at Hana when she said "Thank you," and her face blushed not a little. "I thought," said the young lady, "Mr. Conner was very pleasant and kind, and a young man of culture; but Mr. Danski, the Russian, we found him very unpleasant, didn't we?"

"But Mr. Danski was in the same hotel," replied her father smiling, "and he was particularly kind to you, Hana."

"He was very kind," retorted the daughter, "but there was something about

him that I could not like. Besides, he suddenly started away, telling us he had some very important business to be done in Yokohama, and he has never written us a letter since. His kindness is just in his words."

When the conversation turned on the Russian, the captain resumed his sober expression. "Father, I met that man often in Hakone," said the son, "and I thought he had some secret. He told me he was the son of a Russian noble and had come to Japan on a pleasure trip, etc. I suspected him to be a naval officer who was sent to this country as a spy. It was plain he used all his caution not to be detected, and often he tried to find out something touching our military and naval affairs at some unguarded moment of mine. I am almost certain that he is a Russian spy."

"If he is really a spy," replied his father, "who came with a secret mission to investigate the affairs of this country, and especially military and naval equipment, he would have stayed in Tokyo. He could not get anything in his rambles at Hakone, I am sure."

"He might have had," cried the captain, laughing out loud, "some other reason for staying there, had he not, Hana? I think he was unusually kind to you."

"Oh, brother—!" was her pained answer, and she turned her face away. Just then the housemaid came in to announce the dinner, at which they had another pleasant talk.

At two in the afternoon the young captain made his farewells. Though it might be farewell for ever, his *samurai* father revealed no sorrow.

"Do your duty with your life, and may God keep you," were the farewell words of the father; and the son was as pleasant as usual, as if he were only going to the grand manœuvres, and said;

"Good-bye, father, keep in good health."

The sister, however, could not help showing her reluctance at parting from her brother, and came out to the gate to see him off.

"Brother, I want you to return with all the glories of victory," said she, with a sad and trembling voice, while she cast her

"'Brother, I want you return with all the glories of victory.'" *Page 37.*

eyes down to hide the tears from him. The brother hardly knew how to comfort her, for he was not the man to say things contrary to his thought. He could not do otherwise than inspire her by his courage and brave resolution.

"Don't make me a coward, my sister; no, you must not expect my return. When a Japanese goes to battle, he never shows his back to the enemy; no, you mustn't think I am coming back." He said this rather harshly, but gradually he resumed his brotherly tenderness and he continued, —

"Now, sister, when I am gone you are the only child left to our father and you are the sole comfort and staff of his old age. In spite of his seemingly good health, he has declined decidedly since the death of our dear good mother a year ago. So you must take up the duties of all three of us, mother's and mine, besides your own. You must comfort him and do your duty to the utmost."

Here Hana could not hide her tears any longer, and with her handkerchief she covered her eyes.

"Yes, brother," she replied softly, "I understand you. Don't be anxious about father while you are away. But be careful of your health."

"I will, sister," said the brother, "but moreover, you will get a worthy husband and give father relief. Don't you ever plunge yourself into misguided love and give father everlasting anxiety."

"Be assured, brother," replied the sister, "I will do my all to be good to father. But I am wondering if I can not go to the front also as a nurse."

"That depends entirely upon father's will," answered the brother. "Now, we are talking too long, you had better go back to the house, or I may miss the train." He resumed his martial dignity and had taken several steps when Maru came running out from the gate and playfully jumped around him. The Captain bent down and caressingly patted him on his head and said, —

"Now, Maru, good-bye, and be good to your mistress."

Maru came to Hana, and began to jump round, entreating her to fondle him. Hana

did not pay any attention to him, but stood there with her wet handkerchief over her brow watching her departing brother.

A few leaves from the tree rustled down with a gust of wind, and large rain-drops pattered on the dead grass. The Captain disappeared at the further turn of the street. The young maiden stood like a statue, unconscious of the rain-drops on her face.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

### THE TORPEDO-DESTROYER.

The moon that faintly shone on the surface of the waters, had just declined, leaving dim and uncertain stars behind. A sheet of cloud was spreading wider and wider, mantling the sea with darkness that thickened minute by minute. It was past midnight. Silence and darkness reigned over the scene, when a black ship appeared far out on the sea.

This was a Japanese torpedo-destroyer that sped on towards the land noiselessly cutting through the waves, as a hungry lion goes on his way, hunting for its prey at midnight, stepping softly but ever ready to jump with its sharp claws and teeth, even on a gigantic elephant if it happens to come in its way.

A cold wind came sweeping from the snowbound continent, and the waves were biting against the sides of the ship. No light, only dark objects were seen moving on the deck. The quick-firing guns and both torpedo tubes were pointed landward, ready to attack any of the ironclads. The vessel made too little noise to break the silence, though it keeled on at greatest speed, in a straight line.

A large battle-ship was lying off the harbour, with a red light at the masthead. Most of the crew were asleep except the watch who stood at their posts. It was very quiet. There was no noise on the land, and on the sea nothing was heard but the monotonous sound of the waves.

Suddenly the blare of a trumpet broke the silence of the night, vibrating in sad ominous strains — the lookout had seen something! A stream of light was seen from a mast searching the dark surface of the sea. A commotion was heard on the ship and presently it thundered furiously with the noise of more than a dozen quick-firing guns. The search-light flashed out, and its

streaming ray spread a bright silver glade on the waves.

The rolling reports of the quick-firing guns became more and more rapid, and the balls and shells fell on the sea like a hail-storm. Thus the silent sea turned to an awful battle field.

There was no response from the sea. The Japanese torpedo-destroyer still kept silence, and sped on toward the enemy. Once the search-light from the ironclad caught the helm of the destroyer and balls from the quick-firing guns of the enemy fell on either side of the ship.

In the midst of this danger the Japanese destroyer dauntlessly kept on her former course and speed, as if she were entirely unconscious of search-light and cannon balls. Presently, she perceived the enemy's destroyer making her way toward her; so, to escape detection, she changed her direction suddenly. The enemy could not find her, and turned in search of her, the wrong way.

On the enemy's battle-ship the bustle and confusion increased and they turned the search-light more rapidly and fired more

furiously. The Japanese destroyer once made a slight turn to come to the proper place within five hundred yards. The silence in the ship was broken by the words of command.

"Now, ready."

Black figures were seen at the torpedo tube, standing ready to touch the electric button, waiting for the second command.

"Fire!"

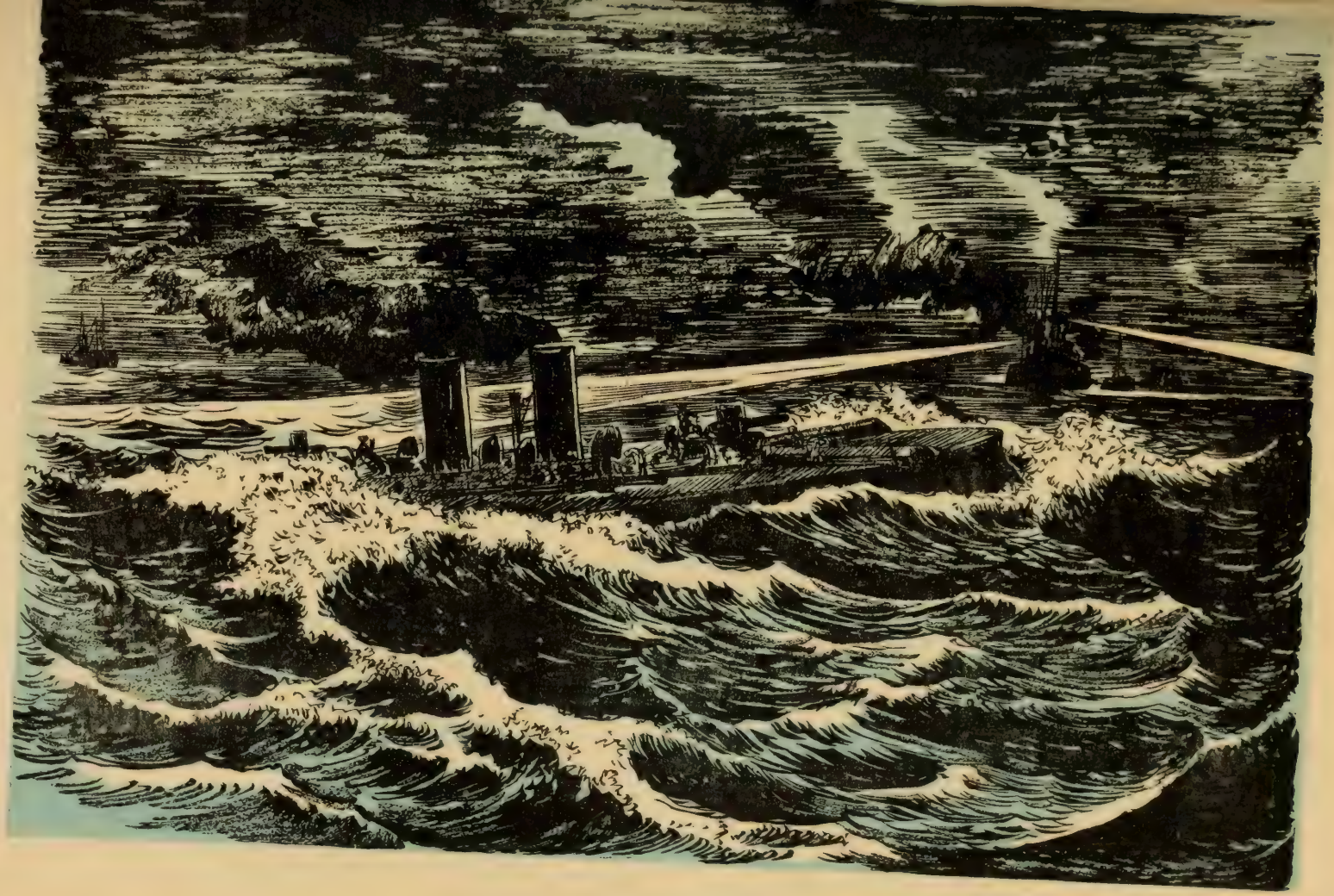
At this command the button was touched instantaneously. Lo! The eighteen inch steel torpedo puffed out of the tube and went plunging down into the water. All held their breath and watched for the result. Behold! a great volume of water tossed and splashed angrily in white foam, causing terrible billows, and at the same time they heard a thundering explosion which reported sure success. They all raised their hands and swung them vehemently in the air, and began to cheer *Banzai*, but were hushed into silence and soberness, by the command that went deeply into their hearts:

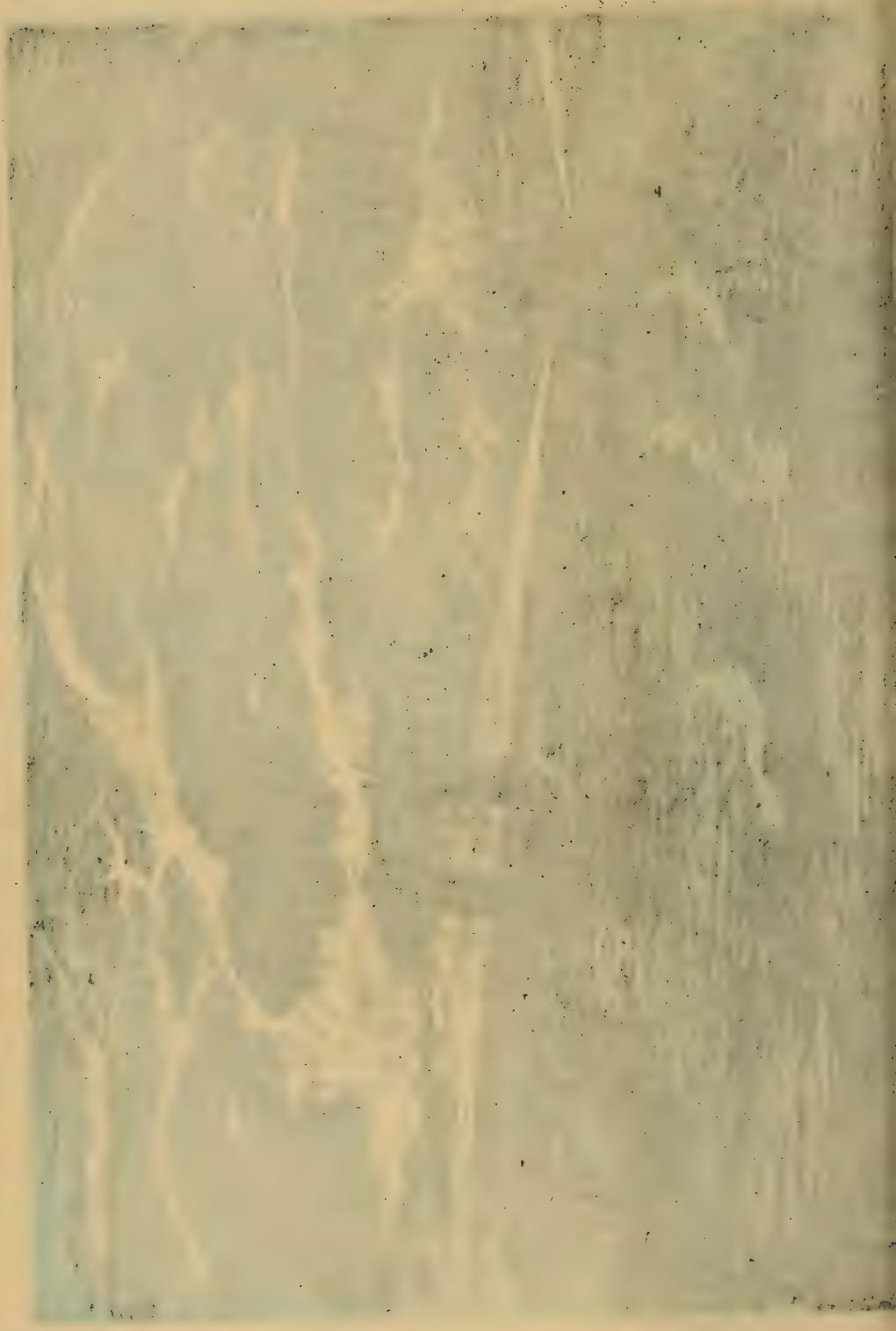
"Boys, don't cheer, men are dying!"

The dazzling search-light was, now, turned fully upon the ship and also the

"In the midst of this danger the Japanese destroyer dauntlessly kept on her speed."

*Page 44.*





guns. They were in utmost peril, but the crew were not excited in the least. As if they were at the grand manœuvres, they were calm and steady in managing the ship. As soon as the ship was turned, she steamed at her highest speed off to sea, a number of the enemy's balls and shells just missing her.

They were now at a safe distance, and when they looked back they could plainly see the first class ironclad battle-ship sinking at one end, and the unfortunate crew were running about in great confusion and dismay.

The Japanese destroyer slackened her speed. When the eastern sky began to dawn, she was far away from the enemy's sight. They now congratulated each other on the success they had attained, and pursued their ordinary speed back to the rendezvous.

Presently an enemy's destroyer was seen through the field-glass, — no doubt, she had been sent out scouting, and was now on her way back to the fleet. The Japanese were rejoiced to encounter another enemy.

"Victim, victim!" was the general shout

on board, "an enemy's destroyer is coming. She is a present the enemy has kindly sent us. Let us capture her unhurt." The shouting suddenly ceased at the command of the Captain. The gunners stood at their posts by the quick-firers. The speed was increased and they moved straight on to the enemy. The enemy also spied her antagonist and was boldly making her way to the encounter. Both entered cannon range; but neither of them fired, for a good gunner considers it a disgrace to waste balls. Presently the enemy opened fire. The shells went booming over the Japanese heads, and a few went into the sea, near them, raising a great volume of water.

The gunner waited for the order, holding his breath and fixing the aim. With the word of command, he fired, and though the gun was not a large one, the shot struck beautifully on the enemy. The gunner had won many prizes at gunnery practice. Ball after ball hit the enemy's vessel. Most of the enemy's shells went over, but a few struck the ship. They were coming closer and closer, but the enemy seemed struck in a

fatal part, she lost speed very decidedly, and tried to steer away and escape if she could.

The Japanese ship pursued her and she found it impossible to run away; so she turned back again to face them bravely. She did not fire so furiously as before; probably she had lost her gunner. In the Japanese ship the casualties were very small, only two or three sailors wounded. Guns and gunners were unhurt, and she fired with great rapidity now. They were coming closer, within three hundred yards, the enemy's reports getting fewer and fewer. They were now within two hundred yards; now a hundred. When they came within thirty yards the enemy ceased to fire entirely and the ship lost her speed, only moving on by the former impetus.

No voice was heard; no one was seen on board of the enemy's ship.

"Capture the ship and all," was heard in the Japanese destroyer, and they steered to the ship's side. A Japanese officer, with a sword in his hand, jumped on board of the enemy's ship. The Captain came out

from his cabin armed with a pistol. The Japanese officer lost no moment, down went his sword on the Captain's head. He tottered under the blow, unable to use his weapon. At another swift stroke given by the Japanese officer, the Russian commander dropped down into the sea and was seen no more. The young officer went on with his bloody sword with the utmost caution. Nothing was seen but dead bodies lying everywhere on the deck. He heard a groaning at the farther end of the bow-deck and went towards the noise, where he found an officer lying groaning under heavy wounds. "Be compassionate to the wounded of the enemy." He remembered this as one of the precious precepts that his father had read from the Pocket Monitor, when he last went to his home to bid his father and sister farewell. The officer went to the wounded man and raised him in his arms.

The wounded Russian opened his eyes and looked up at the Japanese officer, he tried to oppose him but was unable to use his arms owing to severe wounds. The

officer looked down on the face of the wounded man and recognized him.

"You are Mr. Danski," exclaimed the young officer, "whom I saw at Hakone last year." At this, the Russian officer cast a terrible glance at the speaker.

"Oh, you are the doctor's son," gasped he, "kill me if you like."

"No, I won't kill you," replied the officer kindly, "the Japanese never misuse a disabled and wounded enemy. Your wounds will be cured. We send all the wounded and sick to the hospital." He turned to the bluejacket who came following him, and ordered, —

"Do something for this wounded man." Danski shook his head, and exclaimed.

"I don't want to be saved, kill me quick." He tried vehemently to raise his arms, which he was not able to use.

"Be compassionate to wounded enemies, and save those who are sick," the Japanese quoted from the Monitor, and he ordered the sailor to take him to his ship. Thus the victory of the day was won!

Once more, he surveyed the enemy's ship,

full of rents from the balls and shells, all spattered with human blood where the dead bodies were lying in a terrible condition. The young Japanese commander uttered a sigh from his inmost heart, —

"War is a terrible thing!"

## CHAPTER FIVE.

### THE "HORYO IMON KWAI."

*(Society for Comforting the Captives.)*

All the captives were kindly treated by the Japanese government, and Mr. Danski, who was among the number, had no cause to complain.

After he had been removed to the Japanese vessel and received temporary surgical treatment, he was taken to the Japanese naval base, and thence he was carried to the Saseho Hospital, where a surgical operation was performed upon him. The wound on the shoulder was a very bad one, and it was thought best to remove him to the Nagasaki Hospital to be cared for under the eminent surgeon there.

From the time he was taken to the

Nagasaki Hospital, his progress was very favourable, at which the captive was not a little astonished, wondering at the advancement of medical and surgical science in Japan.

The cordial sympathy that was shown to the captives was not limited to the hand of the authorities only, the nation at large made no secret of its friendly feeling. As the outlet of this friendly feeling, a volunteer society under the name of the "Horyo Imon Kwai" (*Society for Comforting the Captives*) was organized by the influential personages of the Empire. Dr. Hayashi and his daughter were not behind in promoting this humane act.

This society appointed a special committee to meet the captives, every time they were forwarded to this country. The duties of the committee were to comfort them and make them feel at home in a strange land, and nurse them if needed. The visitors were generally appointed from the female members of the society, of gentle and kind disposition.

When the report came to the headquarters of the society, informing them that

a captive, a Russian naval officer, who was badly wounded at the bombardment of Port Arthur had been forwarded to the Nagasaki Hospital, they called a meeting of the standing committee, and voted that, Mrs. Kawada, a very good old lady, and Miss Hana, the daughter of Dr. Hayashi, should be sent to Nagasaki to see and comfort the new captive.

They accepted the task very willingly and started from Tokyo; and after spending three days in the train, they reached the temporary hospital for the wounded captives at Nagasaki.

Though Mr. Danski was treated kindly by every member of the hospital corps and was placed under the best surgeon in the Empire, he did not take all this for kindness. He saw everything with a suspicious eye. He was not a man of credulous nature, to begin with, and fostered an evil imagination about Japan's kindness. He fancied he would be sent to the front, when he got well again, to be used, in some way, to profit Japan.

Once an interpreter happened to ask him about Port Arthur and its naval condition,

which, it seems, served to intensify his suspicion. He berated Japan with the vilest language he could think of, even swearing and cursing.

"At the back of all their kindness," he groaned to himself very angrily, "there is the black intention to extract war secrets from me. They can not make me say anything, no, never!" He was so highly enraged that he was a great annoyance to the hospital in general. He would not regard any of the doctors or nurses. He would not take medicine, and his behaviour was not that of a human being.

In this dilemma the visiting committee from the "Horyo Imon Kwai" arrived. The interpreter thought it might soften his anger and serve to bring him back to his normal behaviour; so he went, with hope, to the patient's room to inform him of the ladies' arrival. It was about five o'clock in the evening. Captain Danski was altogether relieved from the pain in his shoulder, but he acted like a man afflicted severely by pain, tossing and groaning in the bed, covered up with a blanket, head and all.

The interpreter came up to his bed and kindly asked him, —

"Mr. Danski, can I speak to you?" He pushed the coverlet from his face and glared at the interpreter with ferocious eyes.

"What do you want, speak, quick?" was the abrupt reply, and he covered his face again as if he disdained to look.

One of the representatives from the society was a young lady who had never heard harsh words, nor seen unruly behaviour; and the interpreter feared in his heart that if she saw the way the Russian acted, it would surely frighten the young girl. He took it as his duty to pacify the patient as best as he could before he received them.

"You have not heard yet, Mr. Danski," the interpreter began to explain, "about the newly organized society for comforting the captives. Every time they are brought to Japan, the society sends a committee to render all the service they can to comfort them. A couple of ladies have been sent from Tokyo, purposely, to see you. They have just arrived at the hospital, won't you receive their kind call?"

"Phew! The Captive Comforting Society, ay!" he exclaimed rudely. "What nonsense! You had better take care of your own soldiers and sailors;—sooner or later, they will be all captured by Russia. I know our country will have a hard time to feed them all. You had better organize a society for supplying food to them. I tell you the Russians will never give themselves up to captivity, unless they are badly wounded and in such a condition that they can not help themselves. So be assured that there will not be more than ten Russian captives until the close of the war. Humph! Society for Comforting the Captives, what nonsense! I have no business with it, nor with its representatives."

In spite of his self-conceit and haughtiness, the interpreter urged him to receive the committee.

"You know," pressed the interpreter, "they have been sent from Tokyo, purposely to see you, to minister to you, and make you feel at home in this strange land. I will bring them here, so you had better meet them any way."

"No, no, I don't want to see any one,"

exclaimed the Russian, "I know it is one of your tricks, disguised under very fine pretences, to search out my secrets. The Japanese are all too crafty. I don't want to see the enchantresses or the demons."

The captive covered up his face again, and the interpreter did not know what to do but to retire from the room. He came out to inform Hana and the elder lady what had happened; the ladies were not astonished in the least, but let him lead the way to the captive.

"Get out there, you rascals," was the rude language they heard when they entered the room. They were not startled in the least, but went to the bed quietly.

The old lady stood at the back of Hana, as she did not understand English.

"How are you, sir?" said Hana. "I came from Tokyo to see you and do any thing I can for you. I hope you are not lonely in this country."

The Russian either recognized her voice, or was excited by curiosity; he pushed the blanket down half way from his face and took a little peep. When Danski saw the

face of Hana he pushed his coverlet down with his hand. Hana was quite surprised to see him here.

"Oh, you are Mr. Danski, whom I used to see at Hakone." Her musical voice rang in the room.

"To my surprise," exclaimed the Russian, "you are Miss Hana; how have you happened to come here?"

Now the ugliness and savage deportment of Mr. Danski had quite disappeared as the darkness before the light. He raised his head from the pillow with smiles all over his face. He was a very happy man. The interpreter was astonished not a little, to see the sudden change in him. He was a very humorous man and was a good hand at turning everything into jest and fun. He tried to tease the Russian a little. He did not speak in the Russian language now, but went on in English, so that Miss Hana could understand.

"Now, Mr. Danski," said the interpreter, with a mischievous smile about his mouth and curling his mustaches. "Is this young lady a demon?"

"No, no, no," interrupted the captive to suppress the question. "She is an angel and nothing else."

Hana did not understand what they were talking about and looked back, and asked what business had a demon in connection with their visiting here.

"Why, it is this," explained the interpreter, "Mr. Danski declined to see you when I asked him, for the reason that he does not wish to see demons."

The captive tried very hard to interrupt him but without success.

"I did not say that of you," said the Danski. "So many come to trouble me with confounded questions and inquiries; I am tired of them. I am obliged to decline to see them in order to be free of them." Here he turned the theme of conversation.

"So you are a committee that has been sent from the Captive Comforting Society. You have come from Tokyo to see me; that is very kind of you."

"My father and I," replied the young lady, "are members of the society, and Mrs. Kawada and I were voted to come to

"'You have come from Tokyo to see me; that is very kind of you.'" *Page 61.*

this hospital, and I did not know it was to you that we were sent. Please let me introduce Mrs. Kawada and accept our good-will toward you."

She presented him a box of eatables, shirts, handkerchiefs and little necessaries, which the captive accepted with thanks.

Here the interpreter intruded and repeated what the Russian said to him before she came in.

"Mr. Danski said, Miss Hayashi," the interpreter went on, "that your society was nothing but utter foolishness, and that he had no occasion to see you. There will not be more than ten Russian captives till the end of the war. The Japanese captives will be so numerous in Russia that their government will be unable to feed them all; so we had better establish a society to send food to....."

Danski tried to stop him with all his might.

"No, no, Miss Hana," he cried, "I said all this, just for a joke to tease him; so please don't mind it. But now, how closely am I connected with your family, to be thus saved by your brother at Port Arthur,

and now I receive your special visit of consolation."

Hana heard this for the first time.

"Did my brother," she asked, "save you at Port Authur?"

"Yes, he did," replied the captive, "didn't you know that? Has he not written you about it?" She gave him an answer in the negative.

"Perhaps," continued he, "he has had no chance to write you. Anyway, I am glad to see you, and it was very fortunate that you were sent as committee, and I thank God for it, and be assured I was never so happy in my life as I am now." He looked up at Hana so very fondly and happily that the interpreter noticed a wonderful change in the Russian. Hana resumed all her gravity.

"Mr. Danski," said she, "I think you are a little mistaken. There would have been no difference, whoever had been sent. You should appreciate the heart of our people in Japan just the same, and you should, moreover, rejoice in the civilization and the principle of universal brotherhood among the Japanese people. Our society is nothing

but an outlet of our brotherly feeling and sympathy. 'War should be limited to the armed men against armed foes; be compassionate to those who are disabled and sick at the front,' is a precious precept written in the Pocket Monitor, which every man of ours on the battle-field carries in his pocket. You ought to read the book too."

She took out the little book from her pocket and placed it before Mr. Danski.

"In this little book," she continued, "written very concisely, are the principles of our army and navy, as well as of the nation in time of war. It says in it, 'if treasure or valuables are found on the battle-field, let them be kept in the hands of the proper authorities until the close of the war, to be returned to the families and survivors of the dead.' The Japanese are engaging in war with your country under this principle; so when the captives or wounded are brought here, they receive the kindliest treatment from the government, as well as from the people at large. Russia should be a good friend and neighbour of ours when the hostilities are over, and we consider you as a good friend. With this heart

we are taking care of you. It makes no difference whether we were sent to you or some one else ; you ought to receive and appreciate the friendly feeling of our people just the same."

Miss Hana was quite enthusiastic in demonstrating the national spirit and feeling.

"Mr. Danski," interrupted the interpreter again, "do you still call this the work of an enchantress or a demon ? "

"Please don't speak of that again ! " entreated the captive to the interpreter, "I was in a kind of nightmare when I said that." He turned to Hana.

"Are you going to stay in the hospital for a while ? " asked he, rather anxiously, "or are you going back very soon ? "

"If you think I am a demon and don't like to see me," she replied smiling, "I suppose I must start away soon."

The captive was bewildered not a little at this answer.

"You are an angel," exclaimed he, emphatically. "Who on earth would be displeased to see you ? On the contrary, everybody would like to be with you always.

I am one of them, surely. But when are you going away?"

"As Mrs. Kawada," answered Hana, "is going to visit the Saseho Hospital before coming back here, I am going to stay for a while to help the nurses; and when other captives come, I will try my best to comfort them just as I do you."

"Yes, but then," the interpreter made another interruption, "Mr. Danski thinks there will be no more captives coming."

"You want," replied the young lady, "to take an unkind advantage of Mr. Danski, don't you?"

Presently the nurse brought in supper to the patient.

"You have a good feast here, haven't you, Mr. Danski?" said Hana. "I will prepare a nice dish for you to-morrow."

"Yes, please," answered the Russian, "I have not forgotten the deliciousness of your own artistic and wholesome cooking which I once had the honour to partake of at the Hakone hotel."

The captive was in an ecstasy of delight,

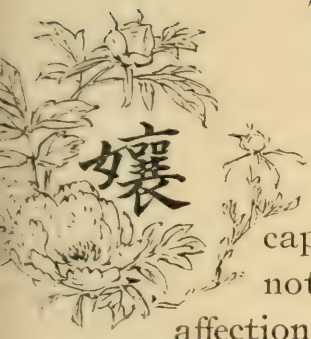
and through Hana's interpretation he thanked Mrs. Kawada for her kind call.

The next day the old lady went away to Saseho to visit the naval hospital. She had some business to transact at the Red Cross Society there, with which she had a special connection. Hana stayed at the home of a high official, who was a relative of Mrs. Kawada, and visited the hospital every day.

A DEMON AS IMAGINED BY JAPANESE.

## CHAPTER SIX.

### THE GREAT SECRET.



After Miss Hana came to the hospital the behaviour of the captive was entirely changed. He not only showed his reverence and affection towards her, but also he regarded the orders of doctors and nurses. He even tried to please the servants, and seemed to appreciate the good-will of Japan. When Hana was not about him, he was restless and longed to be with her. All his haughtiness and suspicion were dispersed at the presence of Hana. She was, indeed, his goddess.

The young girl had nothing in her mind except to do her appointed duty to the utmost, and wanted, if possible, to let him see the good-will of her country, as well as

the national principles. All in the hospital appreciated her service, and admired her devotion, except Danski who mistook it for the approaching success of his own selfish ambition.

Hana's good works did not escape the eye of the gentleman at whose house she stayed. One day he called Hana to his room, and congratulated her on her success in reforming the hard-hearted Russian.

"Did you know him before, Miss Hayashi?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir, we were stopping at the same hotel for a few months at Hakone last year," replied Hana, "and he was saved by my brother who commanded the torpedo-destroyer, that made an attack on the enemy, the night Mr. Danski was captured." Her face lighted when she spoke of her brave brother. "I did not know," she continued, "till the captive told me." Indeed her brother was too noble to publish his good works and merits.

"I see," said the gentleman, "the reason why he is so grateful to you; and really he should be. Is your brother an officer in the

navy? What is his name?.....What! Captain Hayashi! Is he your brother?" He was quite excited and shook her hand vehemently in congratulation.

"Your brother," continued he, "made a valiant attack on the enemy's battleship which was exploded and sunk; and on the way back, he engaged in close combat with the enemy's torpedo-destroyer. Your brother's name is universally known now for his daring spirit; and as a man of quick and alert perception, and coolness and determination in the time of a hot engagement; and as one of the ablest sailors in the world." Here he lowered his voice and continued. "I have a special request to make of you; you understand the full meaning and importance of what I am going to say;" — he dropped his voice to almost a whisper and went on — "it is to get information in regard to the enemy's present condition at Port Arthur. Has he not told you any thing about it?"

"It was natural," replied Hana, "as my brother is in the navy, for me to ask something about the attack my brother

made, and about Port Arthur after it was bombarded. He says nothing about it. When our conversation comes to that point, he turns away from the subject."

"That must be so, and he should do it," said the gentleman, "as he is a naval officer. In the case of our own officers, when a man is captured, I am sure, he will never reveal military or naval secrets to the benefit of the enemy."

After a little pause of deep thought, he looked up at Hana.

"Well, that is the way with our officers, but the Russians may differ," he continued in a whisper. "Now, Miss Hayashi, I wish to know about Vice-Admiral Makaroff. He is thought to have been on board of one of the torpedo-destroyers. If he was in the ship in which Mr. Danski was, I know she was mercilessly attacked and sunk by your brother, and all the crew of sixty were killed or drowned, except the four that were captured, and the Admiral would be among the number of the dead. On that same night, there were hot engagements at two different places, and two of the enemy's destroyers

were sunk. Makaroff may have been on one of them. Besides, we have a rumour of his death, that came wafted from Chefoo. Of course, this is a rumour, and we are not certain. It would be a great advantage for the naval operations in future to ascertain the truth of the report. Have you not any way of learning this from Mr. Danski? If you have, you can do a great service to the country."

The gentleman intrusted this responsible commission to Hana with full confidence in her character.

After profound meditation with her chin resting on her bosom, Hana slowly raised her face full of decision.

"It is a matter of great concern for our naval plans, then," said Hana.

"Indeed, yes," responded the gentleman, "it is of great importance. Makaroff is one of the most able strategists and commanders in Europe; we must admire him, even though he is an enemy. Since he came to Port Arthur, the attitude of the enemy has been entirely changed, and their courage is intensified. "Indeed," said the speaker with

emphasis, "it is of great importance to ascertain whether he be alive or dead.

"All right," was her decided answer, "I may not ask him soon but I will find it out one way or another."

Hana who was a sister of a naval captain and a daughter of *samurai*, though frail and delicate physically, had inherited warm patriotic blood that rushed in her veins. The next morning, she went to the room of Mr. Danski as usual, and changed his bandage. He was happy whenever Hana was near him.

"Miss Hana, I am convinced now" said the Russian, "of the good-will of your country and also of the enlightenment and civilization that Japan has acquired in these last thirty years. It is marvelous that Japan, being an Asiatic nation, should take such a fast hold of all the principles of Christian nations. I now appreciate the friendly feeling and sympathy of your people, and especially your kindness. I was wrong to cherish suspicion of your just and impartial benevolence."

"Yes, you were wrong," replied she,

dressing his wounds. "The Japanese despise vengeance. In spite of all the cruelties that you have inflicted upon our non-combatants on their way home from Manchuria, we try our best to make you feel comfortable while you are here in Japan. The little book which I showed you the other day, says 'Whatever cruelties the enemy may inflict upon you, our Imperial Majesty's soldiers and sailors must not stray away from humane acts, and must wait patiently and lead them to repentance.' Have you understood this spirit and principle?"

"I understand them perfectly now," answered the Russian; — "besides, I like the country and scenery and climate. I am greatly inclined to retire from my office and to settle in Japan, after the war is over."

Hana looked down at him over the bandage.

"Are you going to settle in Japan?" she asked. "I will try to be a good friend to your wife, for she might feel lonesome in a strange land."

"Miss Hana," he exclaimed rather vehemently, "did you think I had a wife and

children? Didn't you know I was a single man?" He was rather disappointed at her question, but Hana coolly replied.

"Is that so? I did not know," and she asked, "have you any brothers?"

"I have only one brother," replied the Russian, "who serves in the army as an officer. Have you only that brother who saved me at Port Arthur?"

"Yes, he is my only brother," replied she, "but he is at the front. I can not expect him to return alive."

"You don't need to worry about that," the Russian consolingly observed to her, "it is not necessary to think that all who go to war must die."

"That may be," replied Hana, "but all our men go to war expecting to offer their lives on the battle-field, and their families do not expect them to return alive. Besides, my brother is at the most dangerous post, being the commander of a torpedo-destroyer. The fight of the other day was a very severe one, I heard. The crew of sixty in your ship were all killed or drowned, except only four who were wounded and captured."

"Yes, it was," replied he, "one of the hardest engagements ever recorded in naval history. All those who died, died a brave death."

"In your ship," said Hana, with her usual calmness, "your Admiral Makaroff was with you, and was killed with the rest, wasn't he?"

She carried her conversation very dexterously toward the point to sound the bottom of the secret. The captive shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a secret," said the captive, "which as an officer of the Russian navy, I would not and should not touch upon; but, Miss Hana," continued he, giving her a sly glance, "I can tell this solemn secret to you, for I ought not to keep any thing from you. Do you wish to hear it?"

"I don't decline," replied Hana, "to hear, if you tell me;" and she looked in the face of the captive with a forced smile.

"If I say," continued she, "that I want to hear, what will you say?"

Danski, who had a secret motive, then affected a very solemn manner.

"Miss Hana," he said, very slowly and seriously.

"The secrets I have are worth millions of dollars to the Japanese Navy. Firstly, about Vice-Admiral Makaroff; secondly, the degree of damage that was inflicted on the Russian fleet; thirdly, the repairing capacity of the Dock; fourthly, the supply of coal, powder, food, etc. All these I know well. If I want to sell this secret to the Japanese Navy, she will gladly pay for it several millions. I should say the secret is very valuable. But to you, I can tell it, of course."

Hana, who was not a strategist by nature, became quite enthusiastic and pushed her chair towards him unconsciously. —

"Please do tell me, Mr. Danski," she exclaimed.

"I will tell you upon one condition," replied the Russian. "If I open this secret to you I commit a great crime against my country and may bring utter ruin upon myself. But if you will protect me from that ruin and disgrace, I will tell you.

"If it is within my power," answered Hana, "surely I will save you."

"You are able to save me very easily," responded the captive; — "only give me a promise; and that will do. As I told you before, I intend to resign from my service in the navy to settle in Japan; then — " he hesitated a moment, "then won't you marry me? If you give me only that promise, I will not keep the secret from you." He raised himself on the bed.

Hana was horrified at the proposal.

"Marry you!" she exclaimed, and pushed back her chair.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

### THE SAD CONTEMPLATION.

Hana, who was shocked at this proposal, took a little time to recover from her horror and dismay. She realized now what a situation she was in, yet she was so placed that she could not give him a flat denial.

"Mr. Danski," said she, after she resumed her usual composure, "you seem ignorant of our matrimonial customs. In Japan a young lady has no liberty to make an engagement by herself."

"Well, who makes it, then?" cried Danski.

"It is done," answered Hana, "by the parents."

"That might be done," cried Danski, "in cases when both parties have not sense

enough to make love. But then, haven't the Japanese lads and lasses any love? That spontaneous manifestation of human nature, beautiful and precious love?"

"Yes, there must be love," replied Hana, "but this should be guided by wiser and more experienced hands. Those stiff-necked people who indulge in what you call beautiful love, get into all sorts of tangles which they can not undo."

"Can't the Japanese girl claim her own rights," he asked again, "to choose her own sweetheart? Is she compelled to obey the will of her parents, and marry a man even if it is against her will?"

"Oh, no," replied Hana, "when the parents choose a man for the match, the daughter has a right to consent or refuse; the parents have no right to fix the nuptials without her approval. Love is the most beautiful and most precious of all the gifts bestowed upon man; all the more, we must guard it with caution and discretion. Once a blot gets upon it you can not wipe it off. Some of our young people disregard the valuable advice of their elders, and give rein to their own in-

clination, and dash headlong to remorse and sorrow, when it is too late.

"In case they have no parents, they generally choose the most discreet elder among the relatives to give advice to them."

"Then, you can promise me this," said the Russian after a little pause of reflection. "If your father does not refuse me, you will give your consent." Perhaps he was going to undertake this delicate affair after his Russian fashion.

"And one more thing," continued he, "when your parent brings you a candidate, you will not give your consent in regard to anyone except me. If you promise me these two things, I will wait patiently for the happy day in the future."

He leaned over to stretch his arm to Hana's chair, and if he could, he would have taken hold of her hand."

"Do you think," asked Hana, "we could proceed so recklessly, before we understand each other fully?"

"What do you mean," cried Danski, "by 'we don't understand fully'? Can you not

see how earnest I am, and don't you understand me ? "

Hana was not reserved nor bashful any more. The willow that yields its swinging branches to the zephyr, often seems sterner to the storm, before which a mighty oak sometimes is rent in twain.

" But, you see," replied Hana, " you try to fish for me with the bait of your secret. I can call it neither an earnest nor a true love."

" No, no," said the Russian very hastily, " I don't intend to use a bait, or any thing of the kind. Even if I had not a secret, I was going to ask you."

" Why can you not tell me, then ? " She came back to her point again.

Just then, a nurse came into the room with her thermometer and Hana took her chance to leave the room. Her situation was a very painful one, and she could not come to a conclusion as to what she should do. She went out of doors to cool her head and loitered among the big trees in the garden. She had no one to consult or comfort her except her own heart.

"Dear me, what shall I do?" said Hana, sadly, to herself, "In order to accomplish the finding out of the great secret of the enemy, must I throw away my life, in the hands of the Russian, whom I do not like, nor love? Must I make that fatal promise? It is not right to make a promise which I know I am sure to break. If the Russians are full of falsehood, that is none of my business; I must be truthful. Truth is a virtue of the Japanese woman. No, I can make no vain promise for a temporal advantage.

"Once I give him my promise and get his secret, I must keep my word in marrying him or in remaining single. Well, to a single life, I have no objection; but then, if my brother die at the front, father will be very lonely without a son. I must regard, as a law, the farewell words of my brother when he was starting away for his fleet, 'you must get a worthy husband to give father relief in his old age.' These words are still ringing in my ear. I know it will not give him relief to marry that detestable Russian, who would probably be the root of all his grief and anxiety."

All these sad thoughts ran one after another in the brain of poor Hana.

"Shall I go home to Tokyo," thought she, again, "where I am most safe? No, I can not afford to miss this rare chance of doing a service to the country. I must find out, and ascertain the death of Makaroff and the enemy's condition at Port Arthur. I know it has something to do with our naval success. Besides, I promised the gentleman to undertake this very responsible task, thinking it was my duty."

"Ah, duty!" she thought again, "In the army and navy, they regard it more than life. It is far more important than my future happiness, or even my life. I ought not to regret whatever may happen afterwards, if I contribute my part to the glorious success of war. Shall I promise him, after all?"

Here she hesitated again, for it was a momentous decision involving all her happiness and honour; and she wisely thought best to take a few days and think it over.

With her eyes cast down she came to a bench on which she took her seat very slowly. It faced the flower plot full of peach blossoms.

If her heart had not been laden with trouble, she would have enjoyed this luxurious floral display, as she was naturally disposed to love flowers. But she was vacantly gazing, taking no notice of it.

The place was in a warm part of Japan. Two little butterflies were fluttering among the flowers, sipping honey. Sometimes they halted on a leaf and seemed to whisper their dreamy love. Now they would fly to hunt more honey and come together again as if they could not bear to be apart very long. Hana noticed them.

"In our country," she softly whispered to herself, "they compare a well-suited couple to a pair of butterflies, and it is well compared, too. These pretty companions play among the beautiful flowers, as the pets of nature, very happily and on good terms. The happiness and blessing of man is to get a good life-long companion and establish a sweet home. It is the happiest of all the happinesses. Then what of myself, if I give a promise to that Russian? All my hope and happiness would be gone to nothing but remorse, misery and disappointment. I

may refuse to marry him, but then one is just as bad as the other, I am bound not to marry any one. All my happiness in life will be taken away as soon as I give my consent to his demand. How I long to have the lightness and liberty of butterflies!"

The more she thought of it, the more disheartened she became; and with her handkerchief over her face, she was again in deep thought. A soft breeze was playing in her hair. The weather was beautiful and fair, but as on all spring days, the shade and sunshine alternately came and went. Hana, like a stone image, remained sitting on the bench.

Presently a little puppy, that belonged to the hospital, came running to her, wanting to be petted. She was kind to everything, and the dog instinctively knew it; so whenever the puppy saw her, it always came to her, wagging its little tail. She took her handkerchief away from her face and looked at the little dog; but it was not so pretty a dog as Maru, though surely it made her think of her own Maru.

"O my dear Maru," she thought, "how are you getting along now without me? Poor

thing! he misses me very much and I know he is very lonely." The dog made a sudden start, barking with all his might, as if he had found something strange. As she turned her face in the direction in which the dog had run, she saw Mr. Conner coming with a smile all over his face.

"Miss Hana, I have looked for you everywhere," said he, and he was so happy to find her that he altogether forgot the regular Japanese formality. "Why, you have been crying!" he anxiously continued, "What's the matter?"

"I have been thinking of something," replied Hana slowly, without her usual vivacity, "how have you happened to come so far?"

"How?" he said, rather disappointed, "why, I have no other business than to see you."

The dog stopped his barking and the pair of white butterflies hovered happily over their heads.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT.

### THE NEW HOPE.

Mr. Conner, the kind American, was grieved to see Hana so heavily burdened with sorrow; he took it all as his own. He had come from Tokyo with no other purpose than merely to see her. His anticipation of gaiety and joy withered immediately into pain and sorrow, though he felt a secret happiness and satisfaction at seeing her, and thought himself fortunate, thus to come, to render her relief and comfort in a time when she needed them most.

He was so anxious to comfort her that he came nearer and looked into her face. She was pale. Her usual loveliness and charms were now hidden under a thick cloud of anguish and vexation. Her beautiful eyes

were red with tears. Mr. Conner was greatly moved.

"Oh, Miss Hana," he asked anxiously, "what is it you take so sorely to heart? Who has brought you into this trouble?" In these few words, his sincere sympathy betrayed itself, which Hana was not slow to feel, and in the midst of her depression of spirit she felt comfort and relief.

"Thank you, Mr. Conner," she replied, looking up into his face, "I feel very grateful to be thus kindly questioned, but I regret very much that I can not tell you in what trouble I am, for it is my private affair."

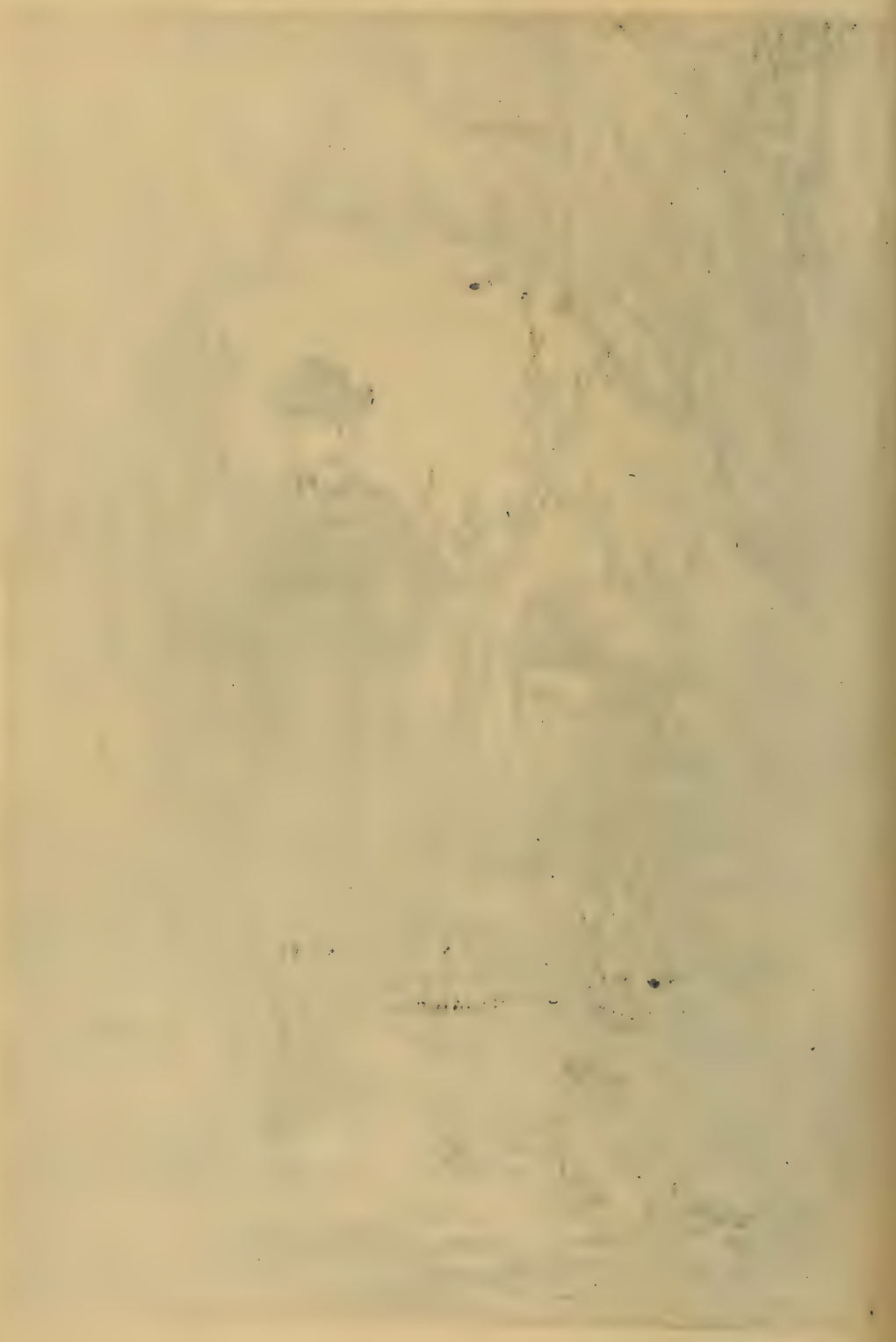
"Why is it, Miss Hana," asked young Conner, more ardently, with increasing anxiety, "that you can not tell me? I have traveled far just to see you, and do something for you. I consider you as my benefactress, since I got well by your kindness and your father's treatment. I learned in Tokyo, when I called on your father, that you were sent here as one of a visiting committee from the Captive Comforting Society. I left Tokyo immediately, and took my journey here, with no other object than just to see you, and to

do all I can to assist you when you need any help.

"The present war, between Japan and Russia, is the struggle between light and darkness, civilization and barbarism, and we Americans are bound to assist you on behalf of humanity and the welfare of mankind. Mrs. McGee has come, with her assistant nurses, for the purpose of rendering all possible help in nursing your wounded soldiers and sailors. All the more should I who have time to kill, employ it for a good purpose, and come to your aid.

"Now, I am ready to do any thing for your country; even if it is hard work, I will do it. I have great sympathy for your country, but for you, something far greater than that. You will excuse me for declaring it, Miss Hana, but you have the whole of my sympathy. Your sorrow gives ten-fold pain to my heart. A reflection is often larger than the original. So with human affliction, Miss Hana, if you have an inch of sorrow or pain in your heart, it will reflect upon mine a foot of grief. Why can you not tell me the cause of your affliction? Do tell it to me;

"'What is it you take so sorely to heart?'" *Page 90.*



so that I may do something for it. Do you suppose I can go away without doing something to relieve you from your present trouble and anxiety?"

He took his seat by her on the same bench, and caressed tenderly the bowed form of Hana, ardently entreating her to be comforted. With his fingers, he stroked back her drooping hair, that hung teasingly about her neck. Hana was silent, allowing him to do what he would. She understood fully his sincerity and sympathy.

"Now, Mr. Conner," she said, with sigh, "it is very kind of you, and I appreciate your kind consideration and sympathy. It was utterly beyond my power to come to a conclusion as to what I ought to do, and I grew perfectly bewildered in thinking about it alone. I have no objection to telling you, but I fear it will only burden your heart when you hear it. Mr. Conner, I can not bear to give you trouble and pain on account of me."

"Oh, no, Miss Hana, not in the least," replied Conner, very eagerly, "you mustn't feel that way. If I can share in your

trouble and sorrow, and bring relief and comfort, I will be glad to take it all to myself. I will not refuse to bear any burden for you. What is the matter, any-way? Will money serve to lessen your trouble? If so, I am wealthy, and able to supply a pretty heavy demand."

Hana was greatly impressed by his zealous entreaties, and lamented them, for the cause of her trouble was beyond the reach of pecuniary aid.

"If money would serve to lessen my trouble," said Hana, slowly, "I wouldn't take it so sorely to heart, nor call it trouble at all; but mine is not of that kind. It is a crisis."

"What is it? Tell me, please," asked Conner, pushing himself nearer her.

"Well, I will tell you, then," said Hana, "the wounded captive, who is staying here, is a Russian naval officer. You know him; he is Mr. Danski, whom you met at Hakone last year."

"Yes, that Russian, I know him." replied Conner excitedly. "He is at the bottom of your trouble, is he? I did not like him

from the first sight. I took him for an enemy's spy, sent to this country. I know he will be a source of trouble."

"He has been severely wounded," said Hana, "off Port Arthur, in the hot engagement between torpedo-destroyers. My brother saved him, taking him into his own ship."

"Then, was it your brother," said Conner, "who displayed such extraordinary bravery, jumping into the enemy's vessel and cutting down the Captain with his sword? I remember now, I read of the bravery of a Captain Hayashi, in a paper, with admiration. But Japanese names are rather awkward to me, and I did not know it was your brother. Now then, your brother has saved his life, and you are taking care of him in the hospital; he should be grateful to you, in spite of all his inborn hard-heartedness."

"He seems to be conscious of it," replied Hana, "but here, I am placed in the position to undertake a tremendous task. I must ascertain the death of Admiral Makaroff, as well as the present condition of Port Arthur, the degree of damage which has been inflicted on the Russian battle-ships, and the re-

pairing capacity of the dock-yard. It will contribute to the success of our naval operations. As my brother is a naval officer, it is natural for me to take special interest in this affair, and I feel it as my indispensable duty to do something, even if it is very little, for its success. I asked Mr. Danski about these secrets, and he tried to use them for a bait to fish for me. He seems to know precisely, and he promised to tell me, but for compensation, he demanded of me a horrible thing."

"What has he asked for reward?" asked Conner.

Hana was embarrassed at this inquiry, and cast her eyes down upon the ground.

"That," she answered, hesitatingly, "is the hardest thing I was ever asked for."

Conner vaguely guessed at it, and muttered with indignation, —

"I suppose he has asked you something rude. I know nothing good comes out of him. The Russians don't know what refinement is. Their soldiers do all the plundering, commit all the crimes possible, just as easily as they drink their fire-water. Has he asked you anything vile?"

Hana did not express her sentiments very strongly; the young American was evidently roused up.

"I suppose," said she, mildly, "he does not think it rude. He knew very little of our customs, and....."

"What has he demanded of you, any how?" cried Conner rather impatiently.

"He said this, 'after the war is over, I intend to settle in Japan,'" replied Hana, "and he insisted on my promising him to marry....."

"Wretch, to marry him!" exclaimed Conner, vehemently, "Villain that he is, that Russian, I detested him from the beginning. That captive fit for you to marry! Of course, you have rejected him, have you not?"

"Yes, I have," replied Hana, "I have refused him with the reason that a Japanese young lady has no liberty to make an engagement of this kind. Then he asked me who settles the question of marriage, and if it is by the parents' own will, and whether the daughter must obey even against her own desire. So I told him that a daughter

has the right to consent or to reject, and that when parents propose a marriage and select a certain young man, they must get the daughter's approval before doing anything more. Then he asked me to give him my consent, if my father is willing; and he made another intruding step in demanding of me, not to give approval to any of the candidates that father brings to me except himself."

The young American shrugged his shoulders, and shuddered all through.

"Bah! it is like a Russian to be thus audacious and presumptuous," said Conner, "that seems to be the fundamental principle of the individual as well as of the government. Russians never know what are their limits or bounds. You have, of course, rejected him."

"No, I have not given him any definite answer," replied Hana, "and I took a chance to retire from the room, when the nurse came in to see him. I was thinking alone here, when you found me."

"Oh, Miss Hana," said Conner, with increasing anxiety, "My dear Miss Hana,

what ailed you to think and ponder on such a thing? Why don't you give him a flat refusal? Are you still thinking you may come to the point of feeling it necessary to give him the promise? A promise of marriage to that Russian!"

The young man with difficulty restrained his excitement and indignation, but Hana was perfectly cool and calm now.

"That is the hard problem to me," she replied slowly, "I was just thinking of sacrificing myself for the naval success of our people. If there is no other way of finding out the enemy's secret, except by giving my promise, I may be persuaded to give it to him. But....."

"But!" interrupted Conner, rather sadly, "the words that come after this '*but*' are the root of all evil, I am afraid. You may deceive him, but he will be chasing after you with a revolver."

"No, no," retorted Hana; she did not like to be misunderstood by Conner, "I have not the slightest intention of deceiving him. If the Russians are treacherous and deceitful, that is none of my business. We Japanese

must be faithful to our word. Did you ever think I would deceive any one, Mr. Conner? That is very unkind of you; when I give my promise to any one, I am always faithful to the last."

Mr. Conner was greatly embarrassed at what he had said thoughtlessly, and at the same time, he could not help but admire her for her spirit of self-denial.

"Is it so important for your country," asked Conner, after he had made an apology for his thoughtlessness, "to find out the thing you are after? Are you so ardent that you are willing to exchange for it your happiness and life? Will you throw yourself into the hands of that unrefined and rude Russian to aid, even a little, in the success, of your navy?"

The young man was excited again, and was roused to so high a pitch that he turned pale and trembled. Hana was calm, though she could not disguise her sorrow.

"I may give him my promise," said Hana, "but it is not necessary to marry him. It will be under the condition, that I would if father approved. I am sure

my father will never allow me to marry him. But, of course, I will be bound not to marry any other. Still, I ought to be glad to do a service to my country, and I should not be regretting it. At the present crisis, I should regard my country more than I do myself. If I were a man, and could go among the enemy as a spy — even thus to risk everything for Japan would be a matter of course. Now, Mr. Conner, I am grateful for your kindness and consideration, and there are no words to express the gratitude I feel for your sympathy, but I have decided, now, to give myself for my country. So you will let me go alone where fate leads me."

Hana restrained all her grief and sorrow; she was calm and pale; Conner was descending from his indignation into deep sorrow. He stood up from the bench.

"No, Miss Hana, I am not going to let you," cried the young man, in a decided manner. "Do you think I can bear such a cruel business as that? I won't see you plunging yourself into such misery. It is not myself only, who feels

thus. No one that knows you, will ever suffer you to do that. No, never! Now, Miss Hana, if you could ascertain the death of Makaroff, and find out how things are in Port Arthur, you would not need to make such a sacrifice and bind yourself to that cruel fate, would you?"

"No, indeed," was Hana's answer, and Conner's ardent sympathy inspired her with a certain hope.

"All right, then, Miss Hana; I will find out all that," exclaimed the young man, with decision and confidence, at which Hana was greatly moved and relieved. "We foreigners have more advantages for searching out war-secrets. Be assured you will get the most accurate and precise report from me. Of course, I can not give it to you right now; I must go over there as a spy; so you will wait a week for it, will you not? I will come back with more recent imformation than Danski can give you."

He took all the responsibility on himself, to the great relief of Hana. Her face was lighted with new hope.

"Indeed, if you can find that out—"

said Hana, "but are you not going to place yourself in danger, and risk your life?"

"No, no, don't be anxious," replied Conner, "I regard it as nothing to encounter a little danger for your sake."

"But how can you do it?" asked Hana.

"I am not able to tell you now," was the answer. "I can't find out unless I go over there."

"Where will you first go?" asked Hana.

"I am going to Chefoo first," replied the young man, "but I can not be waiting for a steamer, so I must specially hire one of the greatest speed here at Nagasaki. If the thing is done as I have calculated, I can despatch you the news within a week, but in case I am delayed a few days you must not give the promise of marriage to that Russian. If you let me work to no purpose I shall think it very unkind of you."

Conner's only object was to rescue this beautiful young lady. The spirit of self-denial in one, inspires another to deny himself; so the young man had forgotten himself, and his whole heart was set on

saving her from trouble. Hana was touched by his kindness.

"I shall be very grateful," said Hana. "I had no one to consult and was utterly bewildered as to what I should do. Mr. Conner, nothing will surpass my joy, if you can aid our country in that way. But you must not risk your life for it."

"Don't be anxious about it," said Conner, very cheerfully. "Now I must not lose a minute; I am in a hurry—so good bye, you will wait for my despatch a week, won't you?"

The noblehearted American strode away like a hero who is going to a glorious campaign. Hana had come to the gate to see him off, and stood there watching longingly his lessening form. In him, she found a true manliness that she felt she could rely on if he were her lifelong companion.

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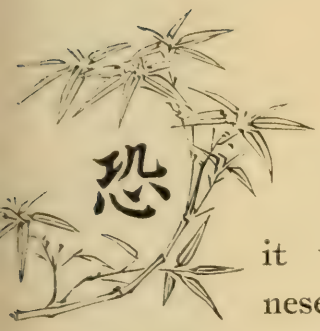
## CHAPTER NINE.

### THE ADVENTURE.




Fear, despair and disorder reigned over Port Arthur, after it was bombarded by the Japanese fleet. This demoralised state of affairs continued for quite a while, till Admiral Makaroff came to take the place of the former commander, Vice-Admiral Stark. Port Arthur revived under the new commander. With his dauntless courage, inexhaustible resource and cleverness, he restored order and inspired the terrified city with peace and confidence. The repairing of their damaged battle-ships and the bombarded citadels and fortresses was completed, though not perfectly, under his skilful supervision. He often went out of the port for scouting purposes himself, in

one of the torpedo-boats. All his men began to follow his example and were courageous, each at his post.

The Chinese junks that had been allowed to come and go in the harbour for the purpose of importing contraband of war from Chefoo and Tientsin, were now strictly forbidden. Chinese or white, whoever happened to come into the port, was detained there, and those who violated this order and tried to escape, were to be rewarded with fatal bullets.

Thus the commander rigidly prevented the secrets of the port from being detected. Nevertheless he welcomed the junks and ships that were loaded with contraband goods, but they were unloaded at the western beach outside of Port Arthur. If the crew came into the harbour, they were arrested there. Those Chinese and whites who were oppressed or misused by the Russian soldiers and sailors frequently tried to escape from Lao-tieh-shan, the outer beach on the west of the port. At first the runaways were quite numerous and five or six junks started from the beach every day, but soon they were

found out, and the most of the junks were sunk by the merciless cannons of the fortress. There were not more than a tenth of the number who were lucky enough to escape the cannon-balls and shells, and succeeded in landing on the opposite shore of China. The Russian authorities were so strict with these runaways that they planned even to burn all the junks in the harbour and about the beaches, though this was not carried out. Consequently the runaways diminished in number, and junks started out very seldom, and there were almost none who escaped successfully.

In spite of this strictness and constant watching, a white man was seen jumping into a junk at the beach of Lao-tieh-shan. It was past midnight, in a torrent of rain and a furious storm. It was a mystery whence and how he had succeeded in coming in, and it was doubtful whether he could get out.

In the junk, things were prepared, and eight of the Chinese sailors seated at their places. Another white man who came down

to see him off, wished to go with him if he could.

"Now I bid you good-bye again, Mr. Conner," he murmured very anxiously, "may God protect you, my friend, and give you a safe arrival at Chefoo. If you get out of cannon-range while it is dark, you will be safe. I will present you with this life jacket. I hope you won't have to use it; — still, it may happen to be of great service to you. The Russian destroyers are all gathered together at the mouth of the port to prevent the enemy's blockading the entrance of the harbour, — so you won't meet them at sea. As soon as you reach Chefoo, please mail this letter to my family. I get three hundred dollars a day here, but that doesn't give me any comfort. I wish I could go with you, but when I think what will happen to my friends, seven in number, who are working under me, I cannot do that. We were forced to take an oath not to run away, and if any one of us leaves the port, all the rest must confront the guns and bullets. We are highly paid prisoners, and we must watch one another to preserve our lives. So I

can not take this fair chance to run away with you. How far I can trust the Russians here, or how they will use me, I can not tell. We are forbidden to send any letter abroad. They are so strict here about these things that every order comes under the penalty of death. You will send the letter to my wife, as soon as you land at Chefoo, don't forget it please."

"All right, my friend," answered Conner, "I will mail this letter to your wife. I knew you were here, and that encouraged me to undertake this great adventure. The Russians' guard and watch are far more strict than I had expected. I return my sincere thanks for your kindness; without your aid I could not have succeeded in escaping even this far. I hope you will keep in good health and spirits. I will see you again in America or in Japan."

Conner took his seat in the junk, bidding his friend a last good-bye. The Chinese sailors began to row. The friend on the shore soon was enveloped in the darkness, and was seen no more. The wind was blowing harder and harder, and the waves

were surging furiously. No light was seen to guide the ship. They just escaped being dashed in pieces on the rocks. Conner encouraged the sailors with all his might, and rowed away from the danger of rocks and shoals. As the wind was blowing hard against them, their progress was exceedingly slow. Presently they found the light, which is at the mouth of Port Arthur, they left it at their back, and rowed off to sea. If they could succeed in advancing so far that they could not see the light, they would be out of range, but if the day broke before they were out of cannon range, and could be seen from the fortresses, it would be the end of everything for them.

"Row with all your might," Conner shouted to the sailors, but they were unfortunately pulling against wind and tide. Often the waves dashed over the junk, and they made very little progress. Suddenly a flash of light lit the surface of the rough sea; Conner looked back, and knew it was a search-light from one of the Port Arthur fortresses. By the light they discovered where they were, and it startled Conner — for the

junk was rowing not far from the shore. They expected every moment the rolling report of a cannon, but fortunately they passed without being detected. In about fifteen minutes, the light disappeared leaving them in intense darkness. When the light was thus suddenly taken away they felt doubly in the dark.

"Ha, ha, they fear an attack of the Japanese," said Conner to himself, looking back towards Port Arthur, "so they turn on their search-light. If the Japanese blockading fleet comes once more and succeeds in its work, what will the Russians do, all penned up in the port. The night after the Japanese attempted the blockading of the port, Admiral Makaroff tried to leave Port Arthur with seven of his war-ships before he should be penned up in the port with all his fleet. Being unable to break through the watchful cordon of the Japanese, he returned to the port after wandering about the sea for three days. If he could succeed in joining with the Vladivostock squadron, it would help him, by increasing their tonnage and power. But this is impossible, and before

long the Japanese will come with a second blockading fleet, and then the Russians will be worse off than rats in a bag."

There were no more search-lights. The rain was fortunately subsiding, but wind and waves were still high and rough. The Chinese sailors, too, though they knew their lives were in danger and rowed the junk with all their might against the wind and tide, made very little progress.

Thus, they were in the darkness, struggling with the waves and the winds for about five hours, until the breaking of the day. The rain and wind cleared up with the dawn, but the waves were still tossing high. The young man and the crew thought that they had rowed far enough to be out of danger, but when they looked back, lo! the battery on the shore of Lao-tieh-shan was staring at them; the junk was still within cannon range. It seemed that they were pushed back as fast as they rowed. Mr. Conner encouraged the sailors to row faster, but it was too late now. Presently a puff of smoke was seen at the battery.

"There it comes," cried a sailor, shrink-

ing his neck into his shoulders. Booming came the cannon ball with a thundering report from the battery; it dropped in the sea thirty yards ahead of them. The sailors lost their wits, and all turned white and trembling. Several shells followed one after another, all dropping near them. Mr. Conner did all he could to encourage the crew, but before they could make any advance a shell struck the junk at its helm. The sailor who was at the stern was carried away and seen no more. The young man put on his life-jacket and jumped into the sea, and at the same time, the junk lost its balance, and turned over, a beam hitting his head severely. Fortunately he found a piece of the wreck, to which he struggled and caught hold; and floated as the wreck led him, bleeding from the back of his head. The rest of the sailors were thrown into the sea.

* * * * * *

A despatch steamer that belonged to one of the Japanese newspapers passed off Port

Arthur, half an hour after the disaster had taken place. Mr. Conner was nearly exhausted when he was taken on the steamer.

## CHAPTER TEN.

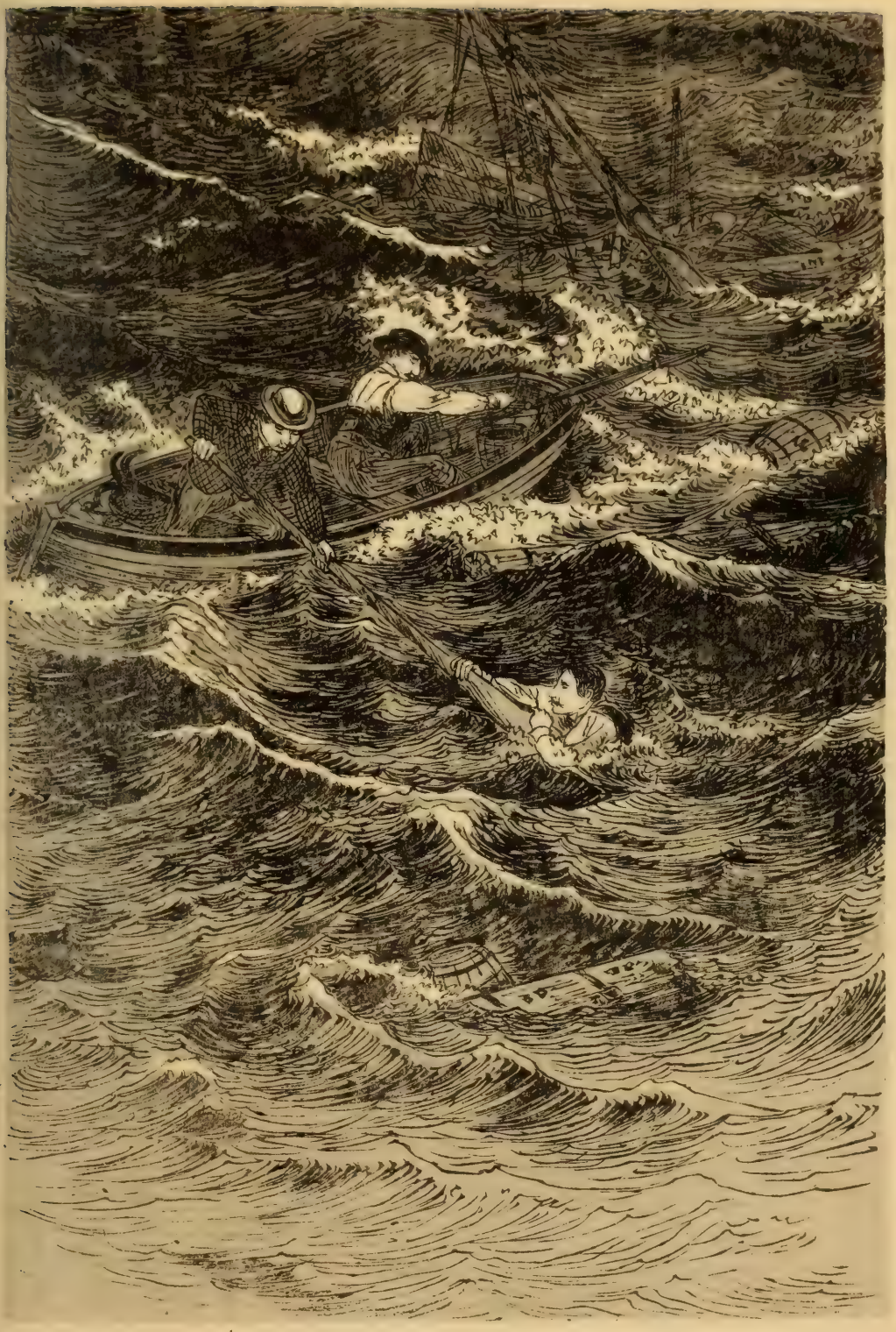
### THE CONVICTION OF DUTY.

A serious rumour was wafted over Japan with the velocity of lightning. All were stricken aghast who heard it. It was this: on the night immediately after the third bombardment at Port Arthur by the Japanese fleet took place, seven of the Russian war-ships had left the port and fled away. Just at the same time, the Japanese transports with a big army were on their way to the western shore of Korea. If they should be encountered by the enemy the loss and disaster to Japan would be a serious one. Where the Russians had fled, and as to their destination, all was unknown.

At the Nagasaki Red Cross Hospital,

"Neary exhausted, when he was taken on the steamer."

*Page 114.*



as well as every where else, they were talking seriously on this subject.

"How is it, Doctor? Is it a fact, that the Russian war-ships have fled away from Port Arthur?" asked a nurse of the doctor who was reading a newspaper.

"It is not certain yet," replied the doctor, looking hurriedly over the paper, "according to a Chefoo telegram, it seems a fact that there is none of the war-ships in Port Arthur, but no one knows where they have fled away."

The doctor again was interested in the paper, when Miss Hana entered the room. She was respected by all in the hospital, more for her high character and generous disposition than for the dignified title of the Acting Committee for the Captive Comforting Society. As he saw her coming into the room, he put the paper on a table, and presented her a chair. She began to look over the paper.

"Have we not the report yet?" she asked of the doctor.

"Not yet, Miss Hayashi," he replied, "according to this telegram, they have left

Port Arthur, but whether they went to Vladivostock, or elsewhere we can not tell. If they went towards Vladivostock, I should think they would be seen by our torpedo flotilla, that is stationed at the Tsushima Strait, but they might have passed there at night without being detected."

"Is it possible," asked Hana, "for them to pass the strait without being seen?"

"It is said to be very hard," answered the surgeon, "no one would dare to attempt that, except Admiral Makaroff. I met a staff officer last night, to ask his opinion concerning this matter, and he told me this as his belief. 'If Makaroff is still living, he is the one person who would dare to do such a dauntless piece of work.' In case he takes refuge in the harbour of Port Arthur, as he has been doing, it is certain that he will be blockaded in the port by the Japanese fleet. Besides he can not repair those damaged ships there very well. He can not do any thing, but simply wait there for destruction. He knew that, and it is far better for him to flee away from the harbour; and if he succeeds in joining the

Vladivostock squadron, it will be a great advantage to the Russian navy. There he can increase the tonnage and force to make another fight with the Japanese, and besides he can repair the ships more easily and faster. But if he is seen by our main squadron, commanded by our Admiral Togo, before he makes a safe arrival at Vladivostock, of course, he must fight desperately. Yet he knew full well that the Japanese squadron had been attacking Port Arthur that day, and that it was away at the rendezvous that night, and also it was snowing hard at the time. He probably took advantage of all this to run away. In case he is detected by our torpedo flotilla or guard fleet, he can easily break through because they are not a match for his force, but if he is seen by the detachment fleet, he will have a hard time; still I suppose he intended to run into Vladivostock with as many ships as he could save. Taking the regular route at an average of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour, it is only four days voyage from Port Arthur to Vladivostock.

According to my calculation, Makaroff is just arriving at Vladivostock now.

"It seems all are of one opinion, that no one can project this daring attempt unless it is the Admiral himself. If it is done by any other, it will come to nothing, and of course there is no fear. So I am one who does not believe the rumour of his death. It is rather discouraging to our navy, too, if the rumour be true, for it wants a fair and able antagonist to fight with, and leave a brilliant example of the naval campaign in history. Without Makaroff the Russian squadron can not be considered a fair or able enemy, and consequently our navy can get no chance to reveal fully its skill and merit. I sincerely hope the Admiral is still living."

The surgeon, as well as all the rest of the Japanese, wanted a strong antagonist, if they must fight. The nurse pointed at the picture on the wall, —

"In this beautiful painting," she said, "there is represented the generous act of Hachimantaro Yoshiiye taking leave of his enemy, Abe-no-Sadato, on the battle-field.

He did this with the same spirit that makes you wish for the welfare of our rival, is it not so ? "

"Yes, exactly," replied the doctor, "it is one of the most beautiful stories in the history of our wars. When Hachimantaro Yoshiiye had taken the fort of Koromogawa after a hot engagement, and chased Abe-no-Sadato, the general of the enemy, he came so closely behind him that he could have killed him with a single arrow. Yoshiiye remembered his antagonist was a poet as well as a great warrior, so he sang the last two lines of a well-known poem, —

'Koromo no tate wa
Hokorobi ni keri.'

[*The fort of Koromo has finally fallen to pieces.*]

Sadato, hearing this, looked back, and sang out loud the first three lines of the poem by way of an answer, —

'Toshi wo heshi
Ito no midare no
Furushi sani,'

[*Owing to the fortitude that strengthened the fort was incapable of further endurance,*]

"Toshi wo heshi
Ito no midare no
Furushi sani,
Koromo no tate wa
Hokorobi ni keri."

*Page 121.*

Yoshiiye was so touched by the poem that he dropped the arrow from his bow, and ceased to pursue Sadato for his life, but gave him leave to flee away. This beautiful anecdote has been celebrated in songs and poems, as an example of the generosity of the brave warrior. Uyesugi Kenshin was grieved to hear of the death of Takeda Shingen, though they were enemies for more than eighteen years, fighting constantly. He admired the nobility of his opponent, in spite of the enmity between them. As soon as he received the intelligence of the death of his enemy, he made peace with his son. Our history is full of this kind of anecdote. If we hear of the death of Makaroff, we will not hide our tears for the great Commander."

The surgeon was not frugal in praising the enemy's Commander;—however, he was answered by another surgeon, who had been, all this time, writing a letter, and had contrary opinions.

"I think," he cried, dropping his pen from his hand, "Admiral Makaroff is dead; that is the reason the Russian fleet made their flight from Port Arthur. If Makaroff is

still living, I should say he would fight till the last, bravely as did all the valiant warriors of yore. The inferior commanders lost their sense and spirit by the death of their Admiral, and made an escape towards the south, and I am pretty sure that their destination is a neutral port, somewhere in the French territory. They cannot think of such a clever thing as to unite with the Vladivostock squadron. They intend to go to a French harbour, and take the arms from their war-ships, as the Manjour did at Shang-hai. That is all they can squeeze out of their wits, and they know that is the only way to save the ships and men. Indeed, I am sorry to think of the death of the able Commander."

Thus the subject of their conversations was all Makaroff, and Hana, hearing these things, felt a great pressure, for she had a key to open the secret of the enemy in her resolution to give the promise to the captive. If the death of Makaroff were ascertained, all the rest of the problems could be easily solved. If the Port Arthur squadron had united with the detachment at Vladivostock, the event would be serious

and she was almost tortured by her conviction of duty.

Poor Hana retired from the office to go to Danski's room. On her way through the outer court, she saw a bench yonder in the garden at the back of a grove of shady trees. On this bench she had sat with Mr. Conner only the other day, and was counseled by him not to give that hideous promise to the captive, but to wait for him a week. He promised her to bring all the information concerning the secret she wanted to know. But the week was up yesterday. Her heart was beating hard in anxiety for her kind friend. It is not an easy task to search out a war secret. The young man went regardless of danger, with but one aim, to rescue her from a difficult situation and from misery. More than once she was about to enter the captive's room, when she thought of the kindness of her dear friend. How Mr. Conner would be disappointed and grieved, when he came back, after having worked so hard for her sake even risking his life, only to find that she had thrown herself away. She dreaded it and trembled, when

she thought of it, but then she was the only person in the country, who was able to find out the secret. At this momentous juncture, men, women, even the children are eager to do something, and try to contribute even a little to the great cause of the war. Now Hana could not feel herself doing justice to the country if she delayed any longer in the execution of what she thought her duty. Her heart was almost breaking with anxiety for Conner, thinking that he might be amidst great danger. She did not want to disappoint him, but his promised week was up. For a while she was in a state of perplexity, but her duty to the country hung heavier in the scale than Conner's kindness or her own happiness. Finally, she entered the captive's room with her resolution formed.

Danski was always happy to see her. He felt disappointed as she did not give him the definite answer to his earnest entreaty. He sustained however, his hope for the happy day in the future, seeing no change in Hana's kindness towards him. She shunned blushingly all his proposals, but he attributed

this to her natural bashfulness, and took it as a favourable sign of his approaching triumph. Now Hana came into the room, her countenance lighted up with resolution, the resolution to sacrifice herself for the country. There is a secret happiness in the act of self-denial, however painful it may be. Hana was smiling now and went to the bedside of the patient. Danski looked up into her face, and could not help but congratulate himself.

"How are you, Miss Hana?" said the captive, delighted. "You don't visit me often nowadays. How is the war going on, is there any news?"

He was equally anxious about the war, but in his captivity, there was no way of getting news. Hana was smiling with an effort, and answered, teasing him a little.

"Why, yes, there is much news, but as long as you keep your secrets, I will keep my news as secrets, and I won't tell you."

"Please, Miss Hana," cried Danski, wishing to show his sincerity, "don't think that I keep the secret from you purposely. I

don't hesitate to tell you any thing I know so won't you sympathize with me a little? I am so deeply in love with you that I would gladly give my life for you, all the more, I won't keep from you any secret that I know. Do you dislike me, thinking I am your enemy? Otherwise, you can not be so indifferent to my ardent wooing. I will be frank with you now. When I saw you at Hakone I was so fascinated by your charm and beauty that I neglected my duty and stayed there so long, simply because you were there. Still do you consider me an enemy?"

"No, no, Mr. Danski," replied Hana, "none of our people consider you an enemy. Only your army and navy are enemies on the battlefield to our soldiers and sailors. Once they have laid down their arms, they too are good friends. We are all taught to be generous even to the enemy. I don't consider you an enemy by any means. Those Russians who reside now in Yokohama and Tokyo are treated in a friendly way. Isn't the Bishop Nikolai, a Russian missionary of the Greek Church, in Tokyo, protected by

the government, and sympathetically considered by the people? On the other hand, your people think of us as the enemy, and treat those who come into their hands very cruelly. We are taught from our childhood the principle of universal brotherhood. We don't consider you an enemy, unless you are armed and fighting on the battle-field."

"I understand you now," exclaimed Danski. "Then, Miss Hana, I should think you would respond to my ardent love. Won't you understand how earnest I am?"

He partly raised himself on the bed, and looked on the face of Hana. She was standing all this while, but now she sat down in the chair by the bed-side.

"Yes, I understand you," replied Hana, smiling, "I understand, too, how earnest you are, but I also understand that your earnestness is not sincere, that your suit is based on the trading principle, if I may so call it. I don't wish any business principles mixed up in a love affair. If I did not ask you any thing, you would not sue for me, would you?"

She affected indifference, and Danski tried hard to make himself understood properly.

"No, no, Miss Hana," he cried, "if you had not demanded any thing of me, I should have asked you just the same. I have not the slightest idea of exchanging affection for your demand. Only I want you to remember the secret I have is a very valuable one. If you only respond to my earnest suit I will tell you. You can sell it to the Japanese navy at a very high price. You can get several millions for it. Now, you understand how valuable it is, and I will give you an opportunity to make money."

Danski thus tried to please Hana, and Hana could not succeed in hiding a cold smile of disgust.

"Making money! By selling the secret of another!" cried Hana, "I hope I am not so degraded as that. There is not a single person in Japan who dares to do such an absurd piece of work. Did you ever think I would do such a thing?"

"Why, then," asked Danski of her, "do you ask me of the secret? Is it merely out of curiosity?"

"It is not out of curiosity, either," replied Hana. "As you know my brother is a naval

officer who commands a ship against your fleet at Port Arthur. So I am more interested in the progress of the naval campaigns than any one else. I may tell your secret to my brother or some one else to benefit him in his campaign. Didn't you know the affectionate relations of brothers and sisters in Japan?"

"I know the affectionate relation of brothers and sisters," cried the Russian, "but don't you know any other affection and love superior to that of brothers and sisters? Mine for you is the most sincere in the world, as I have said often; I wouldn't hesitate to give my life for you. Won't you promise to marry me? Or, if you give me a promise to decline all the candidates your father brings you but me, I will wait for the happy day in the future, I will gradually induce your father to accept me for a candidate. You may not know of my family yet, I am a Russian noble of a family of great renown, and possessor of a vast estate and wealth. I am able to make you happy and rich. When the war is over, I will take you to my country and show you my home

and wealth and you will find out how rich and respected I am, I am sure then you will ask me to marry you. So now, Miss Hana, it is not a disgrace either for your house or for yourself to marry me. If you don't give me either promise, I shall be forlorn and despondent throughout my life, and feel no use in living. When your brother came to save me, I asked him to kill me. When I was taken into the Hospital I was so excited that I did not care whether I was cured or not. There was no hope nor pleasure in living, since I could not see you. When I saw you at Hakone, I was so carried away by the thought of you, that I did not want to leave Japan. I was indeed disappointed when I was called back to the war. Now, can you not sympathize with me a little ? "

Danski made this ardent appeal to Hana, almost with tears, which she took to be the Russian style of diplomacy. She also was placed in a position to use all her diplomatic skill, and she affected to be greatly moved by his entreaty. She looked straight into his face.

"Mr. Danski," she addressed him, "if there were no falsehood in man's words, your entreaty would be enough to move any one. A Japanese considers falsehood the worst crime that man can ever commit. Are you sincere in all that you have said to me? Is there not any falsehood in it?"

"Why should I tell you a falsehood?" cried the captive. "I will swear that I am sincere, there is nothing of untruth in what I have said."

Hana was bending her head down, and brooding over a thought — a very sad thought — moment by moment she was approaching nearer and nearer to the juncture, yes, to the juncture when she must throw herself away. In spite of her strong resolution, she could not help feeling sad, when she knew the fatal moment was near at hand; her fortitude almost gave way. Poor Hana was exerting all her energy to be brave and strong. Danski thought she was moved by his words, and that her cold heart began to melt for him.

"If you understand that I am sincere, will you give me your consent?" A shudder

went through Hana on hearing this question. She felt as if she was placed on the guillotine, and all her blood stood still. She had no time to think now, but excited by her resolution, she answered —

"Yes — " like a person in a trance.

There were tears in her eyes. But Danski did not notice this, for he was too busy in his own satisfaction and joy.

"Then, you will promise me?" the Russian asked her again.

"Yes," was the answer of the poor girl.

Danski tried to show Hana his gratitude and joy. He took her hand and shook it hard.

"I thank God," he cried, "I won't keep any thing from you now, Miss Hana. There will be no secret between you and me."

"Will you tell me, then," she asked, "about Makaroff and all about Port Arthur?"

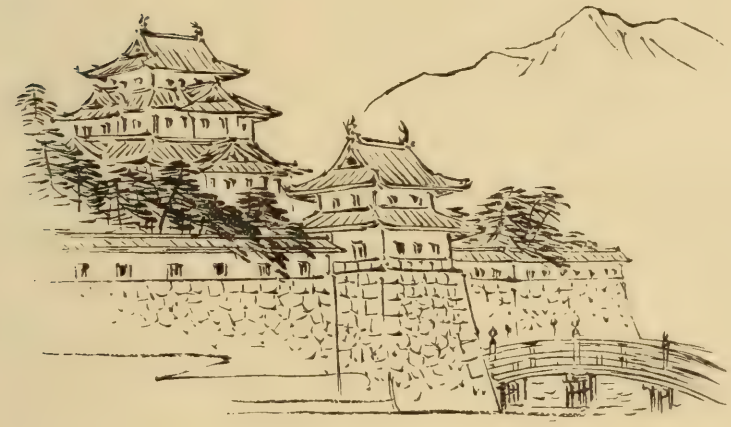
"Yes, certainly," replied Danski, "Admiral Makaroff is not dead. He was in the other torpedo-destroyer that night, and returned to the harbour long before us, so

he is safe now. And I will tell you all about the damage to the ships and every thing else."

Thus he went on, telling her precisely all he knew of the port. Hana was listening to this eagerly, when a nurse came in bringing a folded pink paper to her.

"A telegram for you, Miss Hana."

Hana took up the telegram, and when she looked at the name, and saw from whom it had come, she turned pale, and her hands trembled.



CASTLE OF OLD JAPAN.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

### AN HOUR BEHIND.

A few days after the internal affairs of Port Arthur and the existence of Admiral Makaroff had been revealed and made known all over Japan, another severely wounded patient was brought to Nagasaki from the Chefoo Red Cross Hospital. He was carried to the Nagasaki Hospital, at his earnest request, though he was not at all in a condition to be moved about. The doctor found the patient very severely wounded, the brain pressed by a piece of broken bone at the back of the head. It was needful that he should be kept very quiet and free from the slightest disturbance or excitement of his nerves. Conversation was strictly forbidden, letters and newspapers were not allowed to

be read to him. He occupied the remotest and quietest room in the hospital, and in spite of all his pain and wounds, he was not restless at all, but lay very quietly as if he was perfectly contented, from the time that he came to the hospital. Hana was watching by his bedside, and nursed him with the utmost tenderness and care. The patient often struggled to speak to her, but she did not allow him.

"You are forbidden to speak, Mr. Conner, you must be quiet for just a little while. When you get a little better we can talk all we want."

So the patient was Mr. Conner, the kind-hearted American, who inherited the genuine blood of Puritan forefathers, dauntless and brave for the cause of the good, and the tender and compassionate friends of those who are weak and oppressed. He was silent when other nurses were about, but when he found Hana was alone watching at his side, he took her hand.

"Miss Hana, please allow me to speak just a little." asked the patient, entreatingly, "I can not die a peaceful death unless I

hear the truth from you. Tell me, Miss Hana, did the telegram from Chefoo come in time to be of service to you? Did you escape the jaws of that cruel fate?"

Hana turned away her face and was not able to restrain her tears. If his telegram had reached her one hour earlier, only one hour, it would have saved her. It came just an hour too late. She had given her promise to the captive. The valiant young man had plunged into all sorts of danger, even risking his life, just for nothing, for she was already seized by her bitter destiny as its victim. She felt more pain for her friend than for herself. She was like a sick person, she had spent the last few days in tears and despairing regret. If she told the patient just what had happened, the shock would be too great for him, and it might endanger his life. She was strictly ordered by the doctor not to give him even the slightest unpleasant feeling. Now she must regard the life of her benefactor at any cost to herself. No false words had ever escaped from her mouth, but she was placed now in such a situation that she must answer by something which

was not true, in order to save him. She was, however, encouraged now by her resolution, and forced a smile.

"Mr Conner," she said, "I must thank you for all the service you have rendered me. Not only I myself, but the whole nation as well, must give you the tribute of gratitude for your service in revealing the secrets of Port Arthur."

This answer satisfied the patient.

"I don't desire any thanks from any one," said the young man, suppressing his pain. "You have declined the hideous proposal of the Russian, have you not?"

"Don't be anxious about it," replied Hana, feeling the thorns in her heart, — "you have rescued me, Mr. Conner."

Poor Hana felt as if she had committed a great crime, and her heart almost gave way; but the patient was too weak to detect a sign of her heart's pain in her face.

"Ah, this gives me the greatest satisfaction," said Conner, very weakly. "I feel great pleasure in thinking that I have adventured myself to rescue you from dan-

ger. I don't regret it, if I die. When the doctor has given me up, please write my parents all that has happened and send them my things as souvenirs of their son. When the junk was upset, I was knocked senseless by a bar which struck my head. Fortunately the Japanese despatch-steamer found me on her way back to Chefoo, and kindly took me to the hospital where I was brought back to life. Then I got a man to write that telegram, persuading the doctor, against his most stern opposition, with the reason that the duty of sending it was more important than my life. This exertion caused me very high fever. When my fever decreased, I asked the doctor to remove me to the Nagasaki Hospital, to which he again made opposition. But I insisted on it, for I wanted to hear from you, whether the message came into your hand in time to save you. I insisted and insisted on being removed, so that the doctor finally yielded. I am perfectly satisfied now that I hear that you are safe from the hand of the Russian."

"Oh, Mr. Conner," said Hana, dropping her tears on the young man's hand, "you

are not going to die. The surgeon guarantees me your life. However badly you are wounded, how can I....."

Hana broke off and silently sobbed.

"How can I," she continued, pitifully, "let you die! I will nurse you to my utmost and save you."

All her words gave the patient great pleasure and comfort; he smiled as innocently as a child, and soon he was sleeping.

In the evening the hospital was very busy. The Russian wounded captives, more than ten in number, who had been at the Chemulpo Red Cross Hospital, were removed to Nagasaki. A few more were sent to the Matsuyama Hospital, where three comrades of Mr. Danski, part of his crew, already were. Those that were sent to Nagasaki were mostly sailors from the Varyag, the Russian cruiser that had been destroyed and sunk by the Japanese Squadron off Chemulpo, at the beginning of the war. Hana was busy in fulfilling her duty as the committee to comfort the captives. She visited each of them and tried to make them feel at home as best as she could. But

the rest of the time she spent in Conner's room to nurse him, and did not return to Mrs. Kawada's relatives, where she made her home during her stay in Nagasaki. With the permission of the superintendent of the hospital, she now stayed all the time to nurse Mr. Conner. If a nurse has anything to do in curing a patient, Hana surely cured Mr. Conner. The young man himself did not expect to recover and he thought it was a miracle thus to be relieved from pain and to begin to feel stronger. It was three days after he came to the hospital, and in the middle of the night, a little past two o'clock, when he happened to be awake, to his great surprise, he saw Hana by his bedside watching him.

"Why, Miss Hana!" cried the young man.

"Yes," replied the young lady, very tenderly, "do you want any thing?"

Conner looked all around and asked her, —

"Is not any nurse here?"

"No one is here," replied Hana, "the

nurses generally stay here till a little after ten, then I send them to bed, so ask me if you want any thing."

"Who watched me last night then?" he asked.

"I sat up last night watching you." she replied.

"How was it night before last?" he asked again.

"I was here," replied Hana, "with a nurse to watch you, but you are much better since yesterday, so I am sitting up alone."

The young man was much surprised to hear it.

"You have been sitting up all these nights to watch and nurse me? I have no words to thank you. What time is it, Miss Hana?"

"It is half past two," answered Hana, looking at the clock.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" he said, "Lack of sleep will injure your health."

"Oh, it won't injure me very much," she replied, "if I sit up a few nights. When I am too sleepy I can sleep, just

as I am, so please don't be anxious about it."

"I am grateful for your consideration and care," said the young man, "but it gives me pain to think that you are injuring your health for me."

"That's nothing," replied Hana, "you even endangered your life for me. I feel that I am not nursing you enough."

The words of Hana touched him. He closed his eyes and was silent, then he tried to speak, but his feeling was too deep for words.

"Miss Hana....." he said, at last, "I did not expect to be thus rewarded. I feel under great obligation for your kindness. I asked no other compensation but to rescue you from the unruly hand of the Russian."

Thus was the chivalric spirit of the young American displayed for the Japanese young lady. And it was sad to realize that she had not been saved by it. Not only that — but she must deceive him, though she knew it was to save his life, and her deception would be brought to light in a

little while. Her heart was pressed hard, and her conscience was tortured. She could not bear to look straight into his face.

"The fire is nearly gone; it is getting colder," she said, in order to keep the eyes of Mr. Conner from seeing her sad countenance. She went to the stove and stooped down to fix the fire, the hand was trembling that held the shovel, and something from her eyes was dropping on the coals.

## CHAPTER TWELVE.

### THE DEMONSTRATION.

Since Hana had taken the whole responsibility of nursing her American friend she had visited Mr. Danski very seldom. Danski thought it a little strange, but he excused it, thinking that she was very busy in visiting and comforting the newly arrived and wounded captives. Still he thought she might come to see him oftener as he was her betrothed, and sometimes he could not help complaining about it. His wounds were nearly healed now, and he was allowed to walk about the room. He sat in the chair, feeling a delicious sensation in thinking it was the very chair in which Hana was sitting when he made his proposal; and he dreamed sweet dreams of the future. Now he was reading

a book; it was a little pocket guide for Japanese conversation, printed in English. He was studying Japanese now, as a part of his preparation to establish a home with Hana in Japan. He had told the interpreter to get the book for him, and he was studying it with all his might. Zeal of this kind has tenfold more effect than that of a student who studies his lesson merely for an examination. His progress was marvellous, and even to his own satisfaction. Just then the nurse came into the room to take his temperature, and Danski took advantage of the chance to practise his Japanese with her.

"Nurse, this is a fine day to-day." He had memorized this from the book.

The nurse smiled at his tottering Japanese, yet was a little surprised at his progress.

"Yes, indeed, very fine weather," she replied very cheerfully, "how do you feel to-day? I suppose you have no fever now."

So saying, she slipt a thermometer under his arm. Danski did not understand her, for she spoke too fast for him. He was a

beginner and caught nothing but very simple sentences. He only held his arm up to take the thermometer in, and glanced over a few pages of his conversation book, to search for the sentence he wanted. He took a little time to arrange his words.

"Where is Miss Hana?"—he reeled out his Japanese slowly;—"I want to see her; please call her."

His pronunciation and the order of the words were peculiar, but good enough to make the nurse understand. The nurse did not know of the secret alliance that existed between Hana and him, but she knew Danski was particularly attached to Hana, and she smiled a mischievous smile.

"Miss Hana is with her American friend, night and day," she said, to tease him;—"no use calling her, she wouldn't come here any way."

A thoughtless woman is apt to do mischief in this manner. If all her meaning had been understood by the Russian, it surely would have made him a different man, but as he was only a beginner, he could not catch all that she said.

"What? an American?" he cried, "What American is he?" And he seemed to desire to know who that American was. The nurse thought it fun to annoy him.

"Why, he is Miss Hana's sweetheart, of course," was the nurse's answer.

All her knowledge of English was the word "sweetheart," and she was proud to use that English word. Danski thought it a little strange, yet he believed he was her only sweetheart, and he took the word for himself, and happily smiled, and pointing at his nose, he said:

"I, sweetheart of Miss Hana."

The nurse laughed out loud, and took the thermometer from under his arm.

"You have no fever now." she said.

"What did you say?" asked Danski, for he did not quite understand her.

"I said," replied the nurse, "your fever for Miss Hana is over a hundred degrees."

So saying, she went away, laughing aloud.

Danski did not understand what the nurse said, and studied the conversation book with all his energy. Those sentences

which he thought of use, he read repeatedly three or four times, then tried to memorize them, closing his eyes.

In about fifteen minutes, Hana entered the room. Though she was very busy, she made an effort to visit Mr. Danski, thinking it might not be proper to neglect him too long. Danski was glad to see her, and asked her to take the chair, taking his own seat on the bed.

Hana took the seat that Danski had given her, but she was somewhat excited.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Danski?" she inquired.

Danski was not satisfied by her inquiry, for she was too formal, and lacking in familiarity towards him.

"How do I feel? Why, I feel excellently," he replied, "I can not feel any other way. My wounds may not be altogether well yet, but since I got your consent and promise, I feel nothing but pleasure."

He considered Hana as his own, but on the other hand, she was displeased to hear him claim her, so she turned her face away.

Danski was not contented by her cool way of treating him.

"Miss Hana," he said, "my heart is filled with joy and hope since that day, but why do you look so sad and depressed? In my country it is said that the days of courtship are the most happy of our life, but you seem utterly indifferent to our courtship."

Nothing gave her more pain than to hear the words courtship or marriage from Danski. She had not needed to experience this disagreeable feeling, if Conner's telegram had come only an hour earlier. She regretted now her hasty resolution, and had no courage to answer him. Yet it was not her way to keep quiet when another was speaking to her.

"All our hearts are taken up with war," she replied, rather sharply, "and we can not be trifling with a thing of that kind."

"Pshaw," cried the captive, rather disappointed, "is the war so painful to the Japanese?"

It sounded like an insult to Hana's ear, and she looked straight at the Russian.

"No, it is not painful to us at all," she answered, flushing a little. "We are all working with pleasure, and shall to the very last of the war."

"What do you mean by your 'to the last'?" asked Danski.

"To get the final victory over Russia, of course," was her stern reply, "we can not afford to leave the seeds of future evil; — we can not afford merely to cut down the stems without taking away the root of the mischief. I hope no third party will step in for arbitration. We intend to continue the war till we chastise the folly of the enemy completely, and bring him back to his proper senses. None of our people expect the present war will come to an end in two years or so."

"Then, how long will it last?" asked the Russian.

"I don't know the opinions of our authorities," replied Hana, "but our people are prepared to continue it at least for three years."

Danski seemed rather surprised to hear it.

"Well," said the captive scornfully, "if

the war goes on over three years, I am afraid Japan will be financially ruined."

Hana was roused a little at these words.

"Oh, no, don't be anxious about that, please," she replied, "the Japanese fought against the Tartar invasion for thirty years. When Toyotomi Hideyoshi, our great general, invaded Korea, Japan did not make the slightest complaint against continuing the war for seven years. Why should we complain now at fighting against Russia? If war is going on, the people at home work hard to increase the productive power; and suppose every one of us works a little extra and raises ten yen a year, besides his or her regular income, fifty million of our people can raise five hundred million yen a year. In that case you see we can contribute five hundred million yen to the war fund every year. Our people are all prepared for it. Beside, our people curtail all their extravagances and luxuries, and economize in all their living, and we are able to continue the war any length of time."

"Yes, but you must remember," retorted Danski, "in that number of fifty millions the

children and old people are included and I am afraid your calculation is far from right."

"I did not overlook the fact," replied Hana, "that is my estimate on the average. Some can work several times more than others, and an average of ten yen a person is the smallest minimum. For instance, if I go to the factory and save my earnings for one year, I am sure I can save fifty yen besides my own living. Our people are working now with the same resolution as the soldiers at the front. We can continue the war as long as it is necessary."

Danski now regretted being misunderstood by Hana.

"Now, Miss Hana," he cried, "I did not say anything against Japan. I only hoped that the war would be soon over, because I feel sorry for Japan; she is straining herself so much for the war. Of course it is not a good thing for Russia. You and I are the ones that suffer most from prolonging the war. If for that reason only, I cannot help but hope for the end."

Hana was compelled to protest against the reason Danski had just given.

"I do sincerely hope," she retorted, "that our country will continue the war till she brings Russia to a full repentance, rather than stop short and leave all the germs of evil alive to do mischief in the future."

Danski was a little disheartened.

"What do you mean by the 'repentance' of Russia?" he asked, "I don't fully understand your meaning."

"I mean, to make Russia repent for all her barbarous acts," replied Hana plainly, looking directly at him, — "to disperse the darkness of your country by the light of the civilization of Japan."

Now she did not hesitate to demonstrate plainly what she had in her thought, and Danski could not feel very happy to hear all this.

"Why is Russia barbarous?" he demanded, "and why is Japan civilized?"

"You know the cause of this war," she answered, a little excited at his question. "As the natural result of the Japan-China war, the Liau Tung peninsula had passed to the hands of Japan, and you forcibly made us return the peninsula to China, under

pretence that it was 'for the peace of the Orient.' Quicker than we returned it to China you took it away from her. Can you call that a civilized act? You began to disturb the peace of oriental nations by usurping Manchuria, which rightfully belongs to China. Can you call that action by any other name than barbarous? We can not be keeping our hands in our pockets, and looking unconcernedly at all your usurpations which endanger our existence. Is this not the real cause of the present war? Besides, there is the greatest contrast between our army and yours. All the acts of the Japanese soldiers are according to the rules of civilization, but the Russian soldiers are bold enough to commit all manner of inhuman and barbarous acts."

Hana was eager now in demonstrating the good and enlightened behaviour of the Japanese soldiers, and here Danski must needs try to defend his countrymen.

"I don't see why the Russian soldiers should be particularly inhuman in their behaviour." he said, "If the Japanese army is humane, the Russian too is the same."

Thus he was compelled to stand up for his country. Hana took out her little diary and glanced over a few pages.

"Mr. Danski," she said, "I don't like to displease any one purposely, but if you insist on advocating your wrong doings, I mean those of your army, I can not help but point out the facts and evidences. This little book is the same thing I showed you the other day, the 'Pocket Monitor for the Soldiers and Sailors.' I found such a difference in the actions of the two present belligerents, I took down a few notes on Russian behaviour. The Japanese residents in Manchuria have been cruelly treated on their way back; when they came to Ta-che-Kiao, the men and women were separated, and the men were robbed of all their possessions and beaten violently; while the women were shamefully misused and abused. This barbarous behaviour towards our helpless women, we Japanese women can never forget. At many other places the same cruelty has been practised, and these things are all written in the newspapers all over the world. You can not deny these facts.

"When our men find your soldiers lay down their arms, they treat them as friends; on the other hand you do all manner of cruelties to our noncombatants."

Danski shook his head in disapproval.

"That is an exaggerated report," he cried; — "it may be possible that one or two of them have done such things, but our army on the whole never commits acts of cruelty."

"I know it is not fair to judge the whole from the act of only one person," replied Hana, "but the fact of your cruelty is known all the world over. You can not deny the fact of your atrocious treatment of the Jews at Kishenieff that occurred on the nineteenth of April last year. I have taken down the notes from your own paper, the Novosti that is published in St. Petersburg, and I will read them for you. 'The houses destroyed were so numerous that the Jews could find no shelter. The majority of the victims are badly wounded, and very many wander on the streets with bandages. All the hospitals are filled with the wounded, and in the suburbs of the town they have

pitched tents for their temporary shelter. It is pitiful to look at them. A woman had one of her eyes dug out with a sword, and was suffering severely from the pain; she asked the doctor to kill her to relieve her from her suffering, though she was the mother of a child. An old woman who had been beaten with a great stick proved to have been the nurse of the ruffian who had disabled her. Many went insane from loss of blood. The girls were shamefully misused and maltreated and even their chastity disregarded.' These are notes published in a Russian paper; now you cannot say anything against such stern fact. This is a thing that occurred last year, and not an old story of past history. What do you call this act but barbarous? You also cannot deny this fact of the massacre that took place at Blagovestchensk five years ago. Your people maliciously slaughtered three thousand Chinese, and their corpses floated on the Amur and Sungari rivers for three months. Also at Tien-tsin, on the lower reaches of the river, the Russian shot five or six helpless women and some

children who were fleeing away from the fearful scenes of the battle-field. It is stated in the papers of that time, that the soldiers of the other countries who witnessed this pitiful scene hated the atrocity of the Russians.

"In the Russo-Turkish war, in which your General Kuropatkin distinguished himself, when the fortified city of Denkiltabe was taken by storm by your forces, the inhabitants to the number of thirty thousand were all massacred, including old people, women, and children, by the order of your General Skobeleff. Do you call that a civilized and humane act?"

Hana was demonstrating earnestly from her diary, and she coldly smiled and continued:

"Mr. Danski, I have put all this down in my diary simply because I find such a difference in the spirit of Russia and Japan. This little pocket diary is called 'the Soldiers and Sailors Pocket Monitor,' all our men at the front carry one in their pocket. A few front pages are devoted to very concise and discreet advice, all of which our men bear

in mind and act accordingly. It is arranged under ten headings: 1. True Soldiership, 2. Resolution on the Battlefield, 3. Conviction of Duty, 4. How to Act in Hardship, 5. Discipline and Perseverance, 6. Discretion in Time of Pleasure, 7. On Health, 8. On Honour, 9. On the Spirit of Generosity, 10. Justice in War.

"It says under the heading 'On Honour': 'Bear in mind day and night that you are a soldier of His Imperial Majesty of Japan. Respect your honour at any cost. Do not plunder any thing of the enemy's. Respect the chastity of the women of the enemy. Commit no unseen crime; — remember your conscience sees you always and let it be your strict guard.'

"Now, at the down-fall of Denkiltabe, General Skobeleff gave his soldiers strong drink, and ordered them 'to slaughter all the inhabitants, — even a kitten if it be alive.' You see how opposite this is to the spirit of the Japanese soldiers. Also in the chapter 'On the Spirit of Generosity' it teaches them to be good friends to those who are not armed. It describes the generous act

of Captain Higuchi as an example. In the Japan-China war our Captain Higuchi was commanding his troop at the battle of Wei-hai-wei, and he found a little child on the street during a hot engagement, the child had been left there by his parents who had fled away. The Captain who had a father's heart could not bear to leave the child that way, he took him up in his left arm, and in his right hand he held his sword and carried on his victorious fight. Afterward he searched out the parents and returned the child. What a different spirit it is, when compared with your soldiers who killed those helpless women and children!

"It teaches in the same chapter, to store all the valuables and treasures that are found in the battle-field, in the hands of the proper authority, to be forwarded to the survivors after the war is over. This is a thing which cannot be even dreamed of by the Russian soldiers who make plundering their principle.

"Also, it says in the tenth chapter on 'Justice in War,' 'however cruelly the enemy may treat you, remember that is

because they are ignorant: therefore be cool and act with reason, and never treat them with the spirit of vengeance.' Your people, from the Tsar down, are all crying for revenge, but our people consider it as a barbarous act.

"When you see such difference existing between the two nations, you will be surely convinced by the demonstration, and realize the barbarous state of Russia and the civilization of Japan. The ultimate aim of the present war is not to make Russia bow down before Japan, but to make her repent for all her folly. It is not the material victory we aim at so much as her moral submission to the cause of right. Our sincere wish that is hidden under the present hostility is to stop all her barbarous and inhumane acts, and bring her back to her proper senses. Since Japan has taken this in hand as her own duty, she will never abandon her design until she accomplishes it. Japan is prepared to carry on the war as long as it is necessary, and by this war we intend to lead your country to the blessed sphere of civilization."

Mild, sweet, and bashful, Hana, when the occasion called for it, could prove that she was not wanting in eloquence, reason, and even in bravery. She was a true daughter of Japan and of *samurai* blood.

Danski was silent, he remained looking on the floor, and made no retort to her long demonstration. Hana did not wish to hear any more disagreeable words from him. Putting her diary into her pocket, she left the room, saying, —

"Good-bye, Mr. Danski, I am very busy to-day."

The captive did not call her back.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

### JEALOUSY.

After Hana had left the room, Danski groaned heavily and threw himself on the bed. He was vacantly gazing at the ceiling, letting his legs hang down from the side of the bed, and stretching his arms like a lifeless man. Of what was he thinking? When a man lies down on his back and looks at the ceiling, he is generally tortured by his conscience. How did Danski take all her words? Was he ashamed of himself, when Hana compared Russian barbarism with the enlightenment of Japan? He could not deny the facts and cases that she had brought forward and he found no words to retort. He had to admit that the judgment of the young lady was true and fair. If he had not strayed away too

far from his common sense, he must needs be ashamed for all the unreasonable and atrocious conduct of his country; and from her words he must understand the strong resolution of Japan to continue the war for a longer period than he had expected. Without her words even, when he found out the cool and determined character of the Japanese, he could comprehend that the present war would end with disadvantage to Russia all through. Looking at the ceiling, he must have thought all this. On account of being born in such a country, a man can not avoid feeling such embarrassment, in spite of his own good conduct, if he is a good man. In this respect, the Russians are an unfortunate people.

If the conscience of Danski had been working properly, he would have repented of his own conduct, but the conscience of such a man works sharply in judging of others, and is quite dull in regard to his own misdeeds. So with Danski, he could not but condemn the administration of his government, but he flattered his conscience on his own conduct. Now he began to picture Hana in his mind.

He could not understand her. He used to think she was one of the very kind and gentle girls, and he expected her to be more kind and lovable to him, since he was engaged to her. He remembered that she retired from his room directly after she received the Chefoo telegram. The next day she was ill, and two days after, he saw her very pale and sad, and since that, he had had a chance to see her but very seldom. At the last interview she was well again, but did not show any love towards him ; — on the other hand he doubted if she was not colder than before. When he happened to speak about the war, she took it as if she was insulted by some one who was not on very good terms with her, and she counted up all the misconduct of Russia. He thought that was not a sign that she was in love with him. Then he doubted if her consent was not a false one to get the secret from him. Had he been caught and deceived by her stratagem ? No, no, he was sure that Miss Hana was not such a person. She was sincere, kind, obliging. He fell in love with her because she had all these beautiful traits of character.

It is impossible, he thought; — she was too noble to do such a deed as to entrap him by a stratagem, and get the secret under promise of marrying him. He was sure she was free from all earthly stains, she was an angel. Then he could not understand her attitude towards him. He wondered who the American was that the nurse seemed to call her sweetheart. He might be the cause of all the trouble. Thus the more he thought, the farther he strayed in a labyrinth.

In the evening the nurse came in to renew his bandage; Danski took up his conversation book again, and began to practise his Japanese.

"Nurse," he asked, "what is that American in the other room? Is he a naval officer?"

He picked up the few words he needed, and arranged them in his own way. The nurse thought it no great harm to excite him a little, for she knew he was jealous of the American. She thought it fun to rouse him up.

"No, he is not a naval officer," she

replied, "and I heard a rumour regarding him, that he is Miss Hana's sweetheart, and he came to this hospital, because she was here. Miss Hana, too, is very kind to him, and is nursing him as she would her own brother, staying in his room night and day."

She spoke very fast, and Danski caught very few words.

"What, stay at night?" asked he, "and who and where?"

"Miss Hana stays in the room of the American gentleman." was the nurse's answer, pointing at the room out yonder. It sounded like a thunderclap to the captive, and he could not realize it.

"What kind of a patient is he?" he asked.

"He is badly wounded on his head." replied she, putting her hand to the back of her head. Danski understood her now.

"Was he wounded in the war?" he asked.

"No," responded the nurse, "not in the war, but in a shipwreck."

Danski did not understand the word shipwreck in Japanese.

"What is his name?" he asked.

"I don't know very well," she replied, "but I think Mr. Conner."

"Conner," repeated the captive several times to call up his memory. He finally succeeded in recollecting the name. Conner was the name of an American, whom he had met at Hakone last year. He visited her every day after he returned from Miyagino where they went to see the maples with Miss Hana and her father. He suspected then that she was a little kinder to the stranger than to himself, but he could not make out how and why the American was wounded and had come to this very hospital. He could not get the explanation with his knowledge of Japanese.

"Nurse," he cried, "call the interpreter, please."

The nurse did not think he was calling the interpreter to ask about Hana and the American patient for it was customary for him to call the interpreter to speak about any thing complex. After she had

finished with the bandage, she went out for him.

Presently the interpreter came in. Danski wanted to ask about Hana and Conner, but he thought it rather awkward, so he managed it in an indirect way. He tried to put a natural appearance to his conversation.

"How are the Russian wounded getting along in the hospital?" he asked, as if he were very anxious about them.

"All are progressing very favourably; they are lively and happy," was the sober answer of the interpreter.

"Is there any other patient," asked Danski, "beside our soldiers in the hospital?"

"Yes," answered the interpreter, "we have one American here."

"What is the matter with him?" asked the patient, "what is he suffering from. Do you take ordinary patients here?"

The interpreter did not know much about Conner, but he thought it might not be proper to tell the Russian how he was wounded.

"I heard," he said, "he was wounded in a shipwreck, that's all I know about him."

"Is it very serious?" he asked again.

"Yes, he was seriously injured," answered the interpreter.

"Did Miss Hana nurse him?" Danski asked.

"Yes, she nursed him very kindly," was the answer.

Danski felt a little annoyed, because he could not get the information he wanted. The interpreter really did not know so much about Conner as the nurse did.

"Did Miss Hana know him before?" the Russian asked of him again.

"I don't know." was the simple reply.

The interpreter did not hide his annoyance at this question, and Danski was aware of it, but he would not stop questioning him.

"What is that American?" he asked again. "Is he a soldier or a merchant?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "but I don't think he is a soldier."

"As he is an American," said the captive, I suppose he needs your interpretation. Does he understand Japanese?"

He was gradually coming to the point.

"He speaks Japanese a little," answered the interpreter, "but as Miss Hana is with him, he doesn't feel any inconvenience."

Thus the interpreter let his tongue slip a little, which changed the visage of the Russian to the former hardness which had disappeared since Hana came to the hospital. Now he was the former Danski, full of hatred and suspicion. The interpreter tried to palliate the effect of his unlucky remark; but it was too late.

"Miss Hana is kind to every one," said he, "she is especially kind to those who are badly wounded. Your soldiers and sailors here are all grateful to her for the kindness they have received. She is comforting them with the same heart she did you."

The explanation did not bring any mildness into Danski's physiognomy. The interpreter went out of the room, and Danski covered his face with the sheet of the bed.

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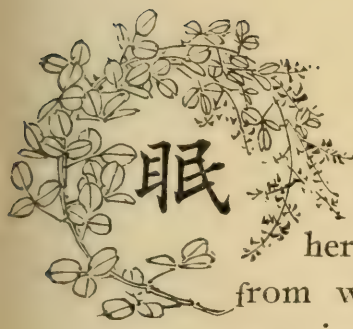
It was at midnight, when all was hushed and silent, that Danski stole away

from the room. He passed through the hall noiselessly, and went out of doors, jumping from one of the windows. Stepping softly through the lawn, he reached a point under the window of Conner's room. Like a thief, he peered inside. The window was curtained with a white linen cloth on which the shadow of a female figure was plainly visible. Danski knew whose shadow it was, by the hair arranged in the Shimada style. His visage was inflamed with jealousy, and noiselessly he approached the window.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

### KINDNESS.




Our friend Conner was sleeping, and Hana was writing her diary, in the same little book from which she read to Danski that morning to demonstrate the difference between Japan and Russia. Shutting the diary, as she finished her writing, she looked at her young friend, who was sound asleep. She went to his bed very quietly and pulled up the comforter, and carefully tucked it under his shoulder, so that he would not catch cold. For a while she stood sadly looking at his sleeping form, and sighed deeply.

"Mr. Conner," she softly whispered to her sleeping friend, "you will forgive me. I fully appreciate your chivalrous spirit

"Like a thief, he peered inside."

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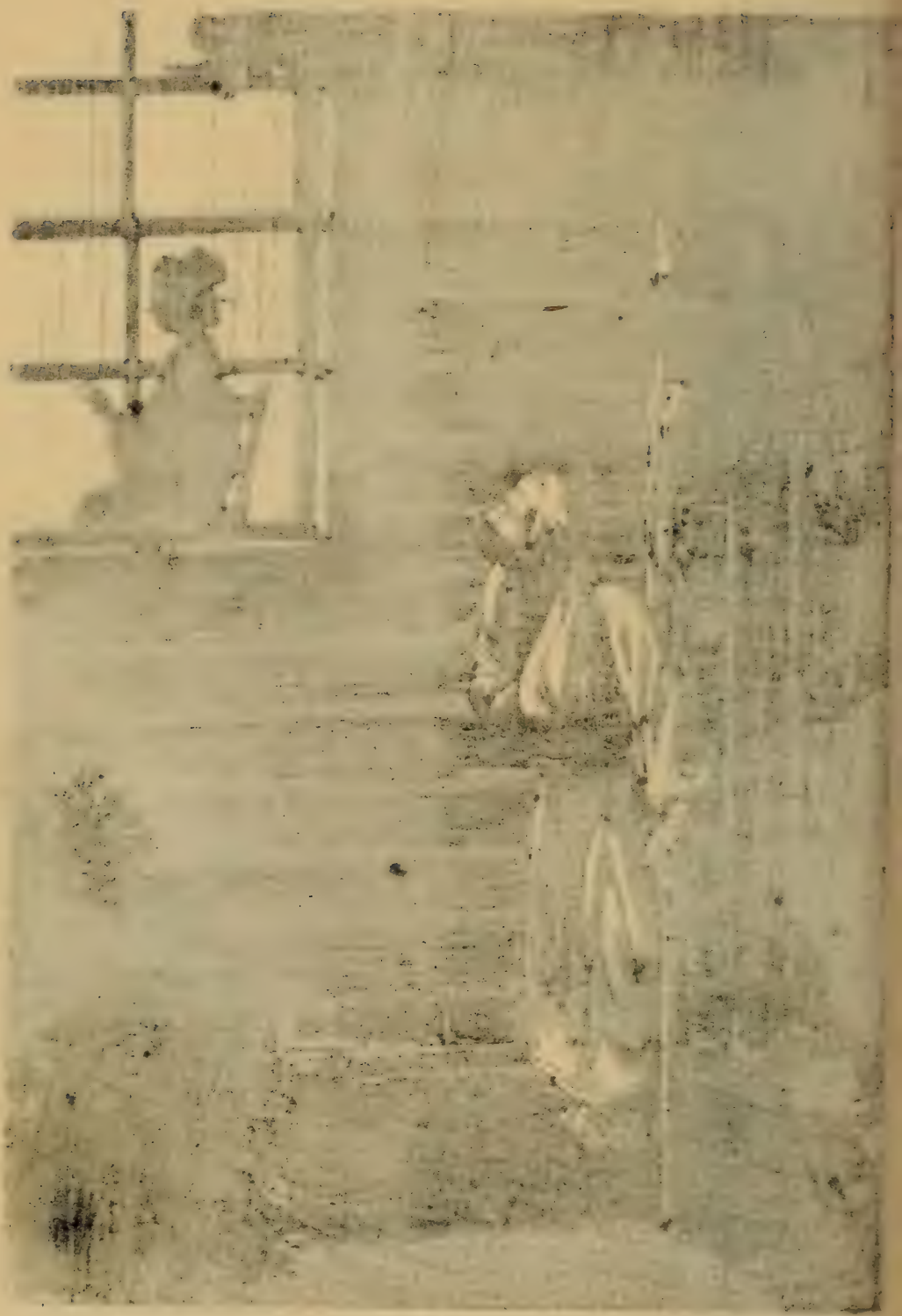


toward the weak. But, Mr. Conner, I was not saved by your efforts and kindness. The telegram came just one hour too late. My life is wasted, hopeless, and wretched. You will forgive me, my good friend, for I deceived you, pretending that I was rescued by your gallantry. This gives me constant pain. You pity me, I know you do. I decided it was my duty to save you; and if I had told you the truth just as it was, the shock might have been too great for you to bear. Your life was hanging on a thread, — how could I tell you? The slightest excitement would have broken the thread and how could I tell you the truth? I never strayed away from the principle of our people: only once in my life, I said a thing that was not so. It is almost a torture to think that I have deceived you. When you are well again I will confess to you; — until then, please be as you are, deceived by me."

Hana sadly hung her head in deep thought, and sighed again when she raised it.

"No, no," she slowly whispered, "perhaps it would be wrong to tell him even after he

is well. He might become dissipated, and turn reckless and desperate. No use to shock him as long as there is no need. It may be wise to keep it secret. Only if the occasion calls for it, I had better confess to him and tell him how unhappy I am. Oh, Mr. Conner, you will forgive me."

The young man seemed a little too warm, he pushed down the comforter, and stretched one of his arms over it. Hana tried to put his arm under the blanket, pulling the edge very softly, and covering him very carefully. Though she did all this very quietly so that she should not disturb his sleep, her friend awoke, and saw that Hana was standing by the bed-side. He was a little surprised.

"Miss Hana, you have not gone to sleep yet?" he said, "I think I heard you say that you were not going to sit up and watch me to-night. If you go on in this way every night, you will surely ruin your health. Nothing gives me such comfort as to be nursed by your own hands, yet it also gives me pain to think that you are injuring your health. You must promise me to go to

sleep to-night. What time is it now? I suppose it is very late."

Hana tried to hide her sorrow-stricken aspect.

"It struck twelve a few minutes ago," she replied, in her usual sweet voice, "I have just finished my diary. When you go to sleep again I will retire from the room and take my rest. Don't be anxious about me."

"I have been sleeping soundly, haven't I?" said the patient, "I think I have slept since before eight."

"Sleep is good for you." she answered, "Sleep all you can, it is the best remedy for your wounds. How do you feel to-night? Haven't you any pain in your head?"

"I am almost relieved from the pain in my head," replied her friend, "how quickly I am cured! I consider it is your work. Unless you had nursed me, I don't think I should ever have been well again. Now Miss Hana, please go to bed; I think you must be very tired."

"No, I am not tired at all," she said,

"I take a little nap in the daytime; besides, I am trying to get used to this kind of work. I intend to be one of the Red Cross nurses, if my father allows me, and go to the front. Then I think I shall have to work without sleep, perhaps three or four days at a time. I had better practise now.

"Do you intend to go to the front?" asked Conner, rather surprised.

"Yes," she replied sweetly, "when I think of Mrs. McGee from your country, and Mrs. Richardson from England, who came to this country to nurse our wounded soldiers, I feel that we must do as much for our own brave brothers."

"If you are going to the front," he said, "let me go with you. I will qualify myself as a war correspondent, and I may do some service for Japan in sending the news to the papers in my country. Now, Miss Hana, I thought the Japanese ladies were not accustomed to social intercourse. But it is a great source of admiration to me to see how extensively they are assisting the country in this national crisis.

It is all western influence, I suppose, is it not ?"

Hana was standing all this while ; now she took her seat in the chair as the conversation advanced.

"Yes," she replied, "we were taught the Red Cross system by the western countries ; but it has been our custom for the women to assist the men in time of war, through all ages. We have a number of women in our history who established a memorable record on the battle-field, such as the ladies Tomoi and Hangaku. These are, however, in our olden history which can not give a fair illustration of the women of the present day ; but one very recent example we have, at the time of the restoration, thirty six years ago. When the fortfied city of Aizu was besieged, the women of the city exhibited their discretion and bravery to the great admiration of the empire. Some of them are still surviving to tell with their own mouths the events of those days. The wife of the lord of the castle and her daughters, and the wives and daughters of high officials, established a temporary

hospital, and employed themselves in nursing the wounded. Often cannon balls entered the hospital and took the lives of nurses and wounded soldiers. These brave women were cool and determined in doing their consecrated work amidst the danger. A party of the women were engaged in manufacturing gunpowder, and the other party devoted themselves to cooking food for the soldiers. Nakano Take-ko, a young lady of twenty-one years of age, as commander, and her sister Chō-ko, a girl of eighteen, with other young girls, twenty-eight in number, organized a resolute band, and fought desperately at the Yoneguchi Road. Some of them died a heroic death. Mrs. Suwa Kichi-ko was the wife of a high born *samurai*, who, leading a band of about thirty, dispersed the enemy that came attacking one of the city gates. This lady was rewarded by the lord of the castle. There were also several bands of women that worked in the battle-field, but afterward the women were forbidden by the *daimyo* to go to battle. A few of them who fought at that time are still living among us to-day. For

the Japanese women who were educated under *samurai* principles, there used to be the *naginata* — a kind of halberd — as the weapon to be employed on the battle-field. Our women of olden times never hesitated even to fight in battle, — so we, to-day, in the present national crisis should not decline any hard work."

Hana was a little excited in speaking, and Conner was greatly interested.

"The siege of Aizu — I have heard of it often," said her young patient, "I have seen at Atami a painting of the nineteen young men who performed *seppuku* at this siege. I think you can tell me about it."

"Why, yes, Mr. Conner," she replied, "the painting you saw often decorates the parlours of Japanese homes, together with the picture of those Aizu women who served their country by assisting the men in battle. There was a band organized by the boys of Aizu with a membership of thirty seven. They were boys from sixteen to seventeen years of age. The band was called "*Byakko Tai*" (white tigers). Here is one thing you must consider; when we say sixteen years old in our country,

it is not really sixteen by your way of counting. It may sound very peculiar to you, nevertheless it is our custom. When a baby is born, he is one year old all that year, and at every new year, he advances in age, regardless of his birthday. For instance, a baby born on the fifteenth of December, is one year old the rest of that December, and as soon as the new year comes the infant will be counted as a two year old baby, but really he is only fifteen days old. The boys of the "*Byakko Tai*" were as a matter of fact only full fourteen. The father of one of these boys, when sending his son to his maiden war, gave him a long sword, saying, 'As you are too little to fight with a big enemy, this long sword will aid you and make up for your short stature. When you encounter an enemy, rush immediately at his feet, and thrust your sword upward.' Now these thirty seven fought bravely with the older warriors at an outpost three miles from the city, against a severe attack of the enemy. I think you have heard the name of Mr. Shiro Akaba. He is one of our

diplomatists, and represented our country in America and Europe, he was our minister resident to Belgium and afterward *chargé d'affaires* in Russia. He was one of the *Byakko Tai* boys. At this war the Aizu side was badly defeated, and some of the thirty-seven were killed and wounded, only sixteen boys retreated to the little hill called Meshimori-yama. Mr. Akaba was badly wounded and had been carried away to the castle already. These sixteen boys were all wounded more or less. The valiant young heroes were resting a little while on this hill, when they saw the enemy had besieged the castle, and the city was under fire, and they found it impossible to go back to their master. That meant the end of every thing to them: as faithful wives never marry twice, so the *samurai* never served two masters. Observing their loyal custom and teaching, the boys decided to die. They sat down on the grass, in a row facing the besieged castle, the seat of their *daimyo*. After a reverent salutation towards the castle, they bravely and beautifully died by the act of *seppuku*. A short time after this, four of their com-

rades came to the hill, and seeing the heroic death of the companions, they joined them. So the twenty brave lads committed *seppuku* and died there on that hill. About an hour later a servant of one of the heroes happened to come to the place, examined the corpses and found one who was still alive. He nursed the young man back to health. This lad is now an old man, and living among us to tell the story and the scene of the end of the nineteen of his comrades. You can see now the wooden images which are erected at the foot of that same hill. When the enemy captured the hill, and saw the scene, they could not restrain their tears for the heroic death of the "*Byakko Tai*" boys. This is a recent occurrence that actually took place, but there are many similar incidents in our history."

The narrator was speaking as if she were telling an ordinary story, but the hearer was greatly impressed.

"Indeed," cried the American, "the Japanese are instinctively brave and heroic. It was not anything extraordinary to find two thousand volunteers for the places of

seventy, when that resolute band was called out to blockade Port Arthur. It seems to me the Japanese do not value their lives very much."

Hana had a contrary opinion.

"Oh, no," she retorted, "it is not because they do not value their lives. But in our *samurai* education, we are taught to prize duty more than life. It has been our custom to die when one cannot fulfil the appointed duty. Often they prize life, — are very stingy about it, if I may so express myself — in order to execute their duty to the full. They sacrifice anything to do their duty. I think it is barbaric heroism in those who are ignorant of the priceless value of their life. It is truly heroic in him who can sacrifice his life under the conviction of duty. The Japanese know the value of their life, but also they know the nobleness of doing their duty at hazard of their life."

Thus, her conversation naturally touched on the spirit of the Japanese, at which her friend was greatly moved. Hana thought it might be too much for his nerves.

"It is a little past one," she said, "you had better go to sleep now."

"You must go to bed, Miss Hana," replied Conner, "I am wide awake now."

"Well, that's too bad," said Hana, "perhaps my nonsensical chattering has excited you. Then I will tell you one of our old Mother Goose stories to lull your excited nerves."

"Yes, all right, I will listen." was his cheerful response.

"Once upon a time," Hana began, "there lived an old couple in a remote part of the country. The old man was very good-natured and diligent, and he went to the mountain to cut wood and to get grass. But his wife was a very lazy old thing, and did not like her work. She was different from her honest and kind-hearted husband, and was a cross and covetous old woman.

"One day she saw her man come back from his work in the mountain, having turned very young. His white hair was all black, and he had beatiful teeth in place of the lost ones. All the wrinkles had gone

from his face and his complexion was fresh and fair like a youth of thirty. His limbs were strong, and he carried back three times more wood than he used to bring home. The old lady was astonished to see him that way, and exclaimed.

"'How on earth, my dear man, did you get so young?'

"'My dear old woman,' answered the old man turned young, 'I have found some very strange water to-day. Cutting my wood, I strayed into a very lonely glen. I saw a very pretty waterfall, and the water in the basin was very clear and cooling. I was thirsty, and drank three cupfuls; oh, how sweetly it tasted. It was so sweet and refreshing that there is no comparison on earth. When I stood up with my load on my back, though it was a heavy load before, I felt it very light, and also I felt strength in my limbs. I felt very young, and it was a great surprise, when I looked at my reflection in the basin. All my white hair had turned black, and suddenly I was thirty years younger! Now, isn't it strange water?'

"The old man was happy over his good luck, and the old lady could not overcome the temptation to become young and fair again herself. She inquired of her husband all about that strange waterfall, and contrary to her usual laziness, she went alone among the mountains in search of the strange water. As her good man told her, there was a very beautiful cascade in a pretty little creek. She went to the basin and looked into it. It was very clear and cool, with reflections of beautiful flowers that bloomed along the surrounding cliff. The old lady was glad to find the water, and went down to the basin, and commenced to drink. She thought her husband had turned thirty years younger by drinking only three cups, and she wanted to be younger than he, so she drank and drank all she could, thinking the more she drank the younger she would become. Now she was filled with the water, and she was too heavy to stand straight. Soon a drowsy feeling overtook her, so she sat down and fell fast asleep.

"The old man was getting anxious,

because the old lady did not come back. At last he went out in search of her. He went to the glen, but he could not find her. Thinking it strange, he went down farther to the basin, and to his great astonishment, there was a baby girl, creeping on the rock. She must have drunk too much, and turned back to her babyhood. When she saw the face of the old man, the baby cried, —

"'Dada! Dada!'"

When Hana finished the story, Conner laughed out loud, and they heard some one laughing outside under the window. Hana thought it a little strange, so she looked out from the window, and saw some one running away into the darkness. She knew it was Danski, the Russian captive.

"What is it, Miss Hana?" asked Conner from his bed, "Is there any one outside?"

"Yes," was her answer, — "perhaps it was a dog."

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

### THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

The next morning, Danski did not eat breakfast, but stayed in his bed.

"You are too noisy; get out o' there!" was all his answer to the nurse, whenever she spoke to him. He was so angry that he would not let the surgeon see his wounds, but swore at him and threw his cup and tea things at him. The doctors and nurses did not know what to think of him, and they came to the conclusion that he had become insane. When the doctor questioned him, he thrust his head from the coverlet, and stared at him with a fierce visage.

"The Japanese are liars, the Japanese are frauds, the Japanese are fools." were

his words of courtesy to the kind surgeons and nurses. At noon when the nurse brought him dinner, he did not even touch it, and scolded the nurse, and cried out at the top of his voice, —

"I see poison in the dinner."

They were quite dismayed and uncertain how to treat this captive, and for a while they let him alone, but then he was discontented, because he was neglected, and he acted like a spoiled child. He kept on ringing the bell to call the nurse. She finally yielded to the bell, and as she entered the room, he thundered at her.

"Where is Miss Hana? bring her here."

The nurse wisely thought Miss Hana was the only person in the hospital who would be able to pacify him and readily complied.

"Yes, I will, wait just a little while," so saying she left his room. She found Hana at Conner's side, and told her all that had happened with Danski since the morning.

"We must ask your help, Miss Hana," the nurse said, "to pacify him. Beside he

wants to see you. Please come and see him."

Hana was feeling pain in her heart since the previous night, because of the base action of which Danski had been guilty. He had been listening to them under the window, and might be fostering all kinds of suspicions. She had done nothing against him or against her conscience; but from jealousy, he might have imagined all sorts of evil. The good man can not but imagine good of others, but the wicked always sees others through the evil lens of his own eyes. She dreaded to see him. According to the nurse's explanation, he was heated to the burning point of jealousy and suspicion, and she could not decide readily as to whether she would go to see him or not. Mr. Conner was acquainted with the Japanese language well enough to understand what the nurse had said to her.

"Has the nurse come to take you to Danski," Conner asked, "because he is angry this morning? I think you had better not go. He is the worst of the Russians, and he doesn't know decent manners or anything.

He may intend another hideous proposal. Let him alone while he is angry."

Thus, while Conner was anxiously advising her, she happened to think that it might be possible, that from the spirit of jealousy, he might do some harm to Mr. Conner; and though she had the resolution to bear any injury that might be inflicted on herself, she could not bear any mishap to her benefactor. As Conner was unacquainted with their secret alliance, he thought of him lightly. The Russians are spiteful in their nature, and subtle in taking revenge, and any indiscreet steering of hers might bring her friend into a place of danger. She at once made up her mind to go and have it out with Danski.

"Mr. Conner," she said to her friend, "I think I had better go and see Mr. Danski. I am sent here for the purpose of comforting the captives. I suppose I can not let him alone, very well."

"But you have done your duty already," he replied, "as he could not succeed in his brutal ambition, and, I am sure, he is inspired by hatred, no one can tell what

he may do against you. Russians do not know how to respect women. There will be danger in approaching him."

Conner was still anxious about her being sent to the captive's room, but Hana resumed her quietness and dignity and smiled.

"Be easy about it, Mr. Conner," she said, "Japanese women are generally very obedient, but when they encounter danger and violence they have strength to repel it. I think I have told you about the Aizu women that fought even on the battle-field."

Hana was not afraid at all, and Conner's anxiety subsided as he thought of the bravery of the Japanese women. She went out of the room with the nurse. Danski was in bed, and was thinking how he would revenge himself on her. Presently the door opened, and Hana entered with the nurse. He faced the wall, and did not turn.

"Well, Mr. Danski," her sweet voice rang in the room.

There was something, in her voice that

pacified his anger, and Danski turned back unconsciously towards her and looked in her face. She was more beautiful, sweet, and charming to-day than ever.

"Now, Mr. Danski, you don't feel very good to-day, do you?" she said smiling, "The nurse told me you did not eat any thing since the morning. What is the matter? Didn't you like the way they cooked your food? Shall I try my sanitary cooking again? Would you eat if I cooked for you?"

She said this very charmingly in her musical voice, which dispersed all his evil imaginations that he had been fostering since the night before.

"Yes, if it is your own cooking," was his reluctant answer.

"All right then, just wait for a short time," saying this she left the room.

After an interval of about two hours, she came back with a tray full of strange food.

"I have cooked Japanese food for you this time. You must become accustomed to our food if you are going to settle in Japan.

This is what we call pork-*soboro*. *Soboro* means anything cut fine, — I don't know how you call it in English. I will tell you how I cook it. You take the best part of the meat from the ribs of pork, and cut it as fine as you can. You must use a board cut across the grain to cut on instead of one with the grain, because you can cut more easily and finer, as it is not slippery to cut on like the planed board. Then you rub it well with your hands, mixing it with salt; after this is done, you put it in boiling water, and cook it, about five minutes. Then you take it from boiling water with a net-spoon, and let the water drain thoroughly. Now you prepare a frying pan with olive oil. You must fry it in the pan. Then you prepare in another pot about one quart of water and one tenth of the quantity of Japanese *sake*, or you can use sherry in the place of *sake*. Now you put the *soboro* in the pot and cook it for about two hours. While this is cooking you prepare burdock, ginger, mushrooms, *konyak*, bamboo-sprouts, and onions, cutting them as fine as you can, and put in the pot

to mix with the *soboro*. Then you season it with *shōyū* and sugar. Now you can eat it as you do curry with your rice. Please try and see how you like it. The rest o the dishes are all Japanese food."

Thus she explained how the thing was cooked, and Danski, who had not eaten any thing since the morning, was hungry. The good smell of the food and her explanation of it gave him a double appetite. He ate every bit on the tray.

"How do you like it?" asked Hana, looking at the way he ate, and Danski was honest enough to make answer, —

"It is excellent, and I like it."

When his dinner was finished, the nurse carried away the tray, leaving Danski and Hana in the room. Before he could make any complaint to her, she questioned him, smilingly.

"Mr. Danski," she began, "why was it you did not feel well to-day? I heard you were very cross, and scolded the nurse, and you did not allow the doctor to see your wounds, why was it?"

Danski lost his chance of upbraiding her.

"I was not feeling well to-day, that's all," was the excuse.

"I think it was you," she continued, "who came under Mr. Conner's window to listen, and you could not help laughing out loud when you heard my story of 'The Strange Water-fall.' When I opened the window, you ran away into the darkness. Why was it you came there at such a time of the night? Did the doctor or nurse give you leave to take exercise out of doors at midnight?"

"Because I love you." was his excuse.

She did not give him a chance to speak very much, but she went on.

"If you really love me," she said, "you ought be proud to see me doing good to others, — you ought to admire me for my devotion in nursing the wounded. When Mr. Conner was brought here, there was no hope for his life. I devoted myself to bring back his life, and I am sure my devotion and effort had more effect in restoring him than even the doctor's surgery and medicine. You ought be pleased to hear it."

Here Danski could not but throw in his words of jealousy.

"But," he said, "you ought to be kinder to me, your future husband. You ought to let me feel your love by your actions."

"If you were very sick," Hana replied, "be assured I would nurse you to my utmost. You know Mr. Conner, — you have seen him at Hakone. He is my friend, and of course I must be kind to him."

"I have no objection," he said, "if it is just ordinary sympathy; but yours is, I think, more than that."

"What do you mean by 'more than that'?" asked Hana, "I don't understand you."

"I mean," replied Danski, "you are too kind to him."

"Is there any limit and boundary," she asked, "in kindness or sincerity or in goodness? Is there such a thing as limit in saving a man when his life is in danger?"

"It is not of that I am speaking," he said, "I refer to the relation existing between yourself and the American. It is not the

relation of ordinary friendship; but you are in love with each other."

Hana coldly smiled.

"What do you mean by 'love'?" she said, "If it is the love between the parent and the child, between brothers and sisters, or between friends, I can understand it; but if it is the special relation between the sexes, I do not know what love is."

"Then," he asked, "have you no love for me, though we are engaged?"

"Of course I have not," was her stern reply; — "in Japan we regard it as a selfish and misguided love, if love exists secretly, before a man and woman are married. The highest order of love can not be established unless they are married.

"How do you regard me then?" asked Danski.

"I consider you one of my friends." was her answer.

"Me, your future husband?" he exclaimed.

"The words 'future husband' can only be applied to a man who has the consent of my father."

"What was it then," he asked, "the promise you made me? Was it deception and falsehood?"

"Why should I deceive you?" she answered. "Remember I am a Japanese."

"Earnestly and truly?" Danski insisted on. "Will you make an oath?"

"Of course," she replied, "my words are the oath."

"You promised me not to give consent of marriage to any other man except me." said Danski, "And consequently you are compelled to consider me as your future husband. If you can not say that in words you must recognize it in your heart."

"That is the hard problem," she replied, "I promised you not to give my consent to others, but as a dutiful daughter, I can not promise any one marriage. If my father does not give you his approbation, all I can do is to live a single life, that's all."

That seemed to be Hana's final resolution. Danski was still not contented.

"If your father dies," asked he, "what will you do then?"

"I will," she replied, "ask my brother."

"Those who have no brother," he asked again, "what will they do?"

"They comply," she answered, "with the advice of uncle or aunt, or of the senior among their relatives."

"Well, then," he said, "a Japanese girl can not decide her own marriage. If she has no parents, or brothers or sisters, of whom will she ask consent then?"

"She can," she answered, "select the eldest among her friends as adviser. Matrimony is the greatest event in one's life, which decides for happiness or misery. How can a young girl who has no experience in the world dare to select her life-long companion, perhaps to bring on herself remorse for the future? For instance, if a weaver brings all his beautiful productions before you, you choose whatever you like best, but you are not sure whether your selection was the wisest one or not, until you are qualified by experience to be a good connoisseur. Perhaps you will find out that what you have selected was the poorest of all. For this reason, if a girl chooses her husband blindly by her own

inclination, after she gets a little experience in society, she may very likely find her spouse was the worst among men. Can you trust a man who has no knowledge of army and navy, to buy arms and warships? Certainly you can not. To buy those temporal necessities, even, you must ask a well posted and experienced man, — all the more, how can a young girl select her own husband. This is the reason why the Japanese prize so much the advice of their elders."

Danski was listening attentively to her explanation, but it seemed he was not satisfied.

"Then," he demanded of Hana, "let me hear your promise once more. You are not going to marry any other man. You are not going to give yourself to Conner."

"Of course not," was her short reply.

Danski was not contented.

"If you ever deceive me," he exclaimed again, "and if you ever marry that Conner or any other man,....."

He turned a wicked glance at her, to which she returned a cold smile.

"Then, what?" retorted Hana.

He kept his angry look.

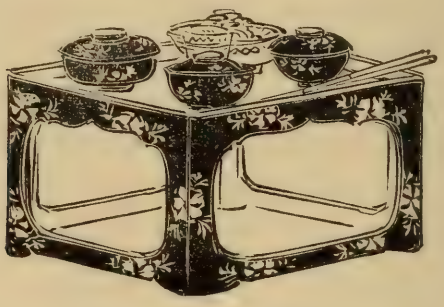
"Then remember," he sternly replied, "my revenge will be a Russian revenge. As you have read in the edict of the Emperor of Russia, 'vengeance a hundredfold upon Japan and the Japanese.'"

He put force into his words, and meant it to penetrate deeply into her heart. Hana was not frightened at all, but it seemed she was roused.

"A barbaric revenge!" she replied, "you can never subdue the heart of the Japanese by threats of vengeance."

She smiled disdainfully at him, and Danski was still staring at her, when she rose from her chair.

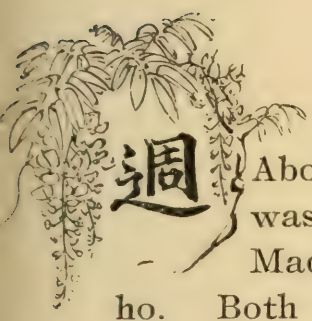
"Good-bye, Mr. Danski." she said, and left the room.



A JAPANESE EATING TABLE.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

### ANXIETY.




About a week after, while Hana was still nursing her American friend, Madam Kawada returned from Saseho. Both ladies decided to return to Tokyo. As Mr. Conner was getting well, Hana promised to see him again, and she left Nagasaki with her elder companion. At the same time Conner moved to one of the private hospitals in Nagasaki, where he stayed a little over two weeks. As soon as he was fully recovered, he, too, left the place for Tokyo.

It was the middle of flowery April, and the metropolis seemed to be one large floral exhibition. On both sides of the streets and in the parks, cherry trees contributed with their luxuriant blossoms to the sights of the

city. Visitors know the cherry blossom as "the flower of Japan." It is the representative of all the flowers of the land, and Tokyo is most rich in it.

Mr. Conner put up at the Imperial Hotel as soon as he reached Tokyo, and the next day he called on Hana. He knew the way as he had called on her father once before. He took a tram car, and came to a very quiet and pretty part of the city, riding up a long incline. Here too he saw the cherry trees blooming on both sides of the road. He stepped out of the car to walk in a tunnel of flowers. Presently he reached the gate of her house, and found a gigantic cherry tree, within the gate, spreading its flowery branches in all directions. He passed the gate, looking at and admiring the beautiful tree, when suddenly a dog barked at his feet.

"Hullo, Maru," he said to the dog, "have you forgotten me?"

The dog stopped barking, and looked strangely at him, as if he half recognized him, but could not recollect who he was. The young man went to the porch whistling

to him, and before he rang the bell, the door was opened from within. And it was Hana herself who came out to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Conner," she greeted him, with her usual charming smile, "you are welcome, come in, please."

She led him into the parlour. Soon the old doctor came in to thank him for his extraordinary kindness and the service rendered to his daughter, at which he could not but feel pleasure. We are not certain whether the daughter had told her father all about her relation with Danski, or not, but be that as it may, she must have spoken of the American very highly, for the old man's greeting was very cordial.

"Mr. Conner," said the old doctor, "I deem it very good of you to have helped my daughter to accomplish her great task. I heard you actually risked your life for it. Words are too feeble to express my gratitude. Not only are Hana and I greatly indebted to you, but the whole nation as well. It was of great service to our country that you made known the secret of Port Arthur."

The venerable physician was very happy to see the honorable guest, his former patient; and Hana asked her friend about the progress of his wounds since she left him, and was happy to hear he had entirely recovered from them.

Nothing exceeds the happiness of a man when his well-meant work is fully appreciated, and Conner was thrice contented to think that his beautiful friend had been rescued by his adventure.

"By the way," said the doctor, "are you going to stay in Tokyo, or do you intend to go home to America?"

Conner was a little taken aback at this unexpected question. There was not any thing definite in his mind as to his intentions in the future. So far, he was not thinking of going home. He had promised Hana once, that if she was going to the front he would also go as a war correspondent. So he could not decide unless he heard from her in regard to her future plans.

"Indeed," he replied, "by your special treatment, I have been cured, in this country, of my long illness, from which I had nearly

abandoned the hope of ever getting well again. So I should like to employ myself in some business that has relation to Japan. But so long as the war lasts I shall not be able to start any business. I was thinking of going to the front as a correspondent to one of our papers at home. I may get a place that way, and I am going to see about it."

Conner was expecting a response from Hana.

"That's a very good idea," responded the doctor, and before his daughter could say any thing about it, he continued — "my daughter is going to start for the front the day after to-morrow as a Red Cross nurse ; — I think you may see her there."

The young man was quite astonished that she should be making such an immediate start.

"Well, Miss Hana," he cried, "so you are going to start the day after to-morrow, are you ?"

"Yes, and I wanted to see you before I left Tokyo." she replied, "By your letter, I knew you were coming, and I have been

expecting you since morning. If you had written us what train you were going to take I might have gone to the station to meet you."

Judging by her words, and from the manner she came to meet him at the door, he knew that she had been waiting for him.

"I will make an arrangement," he said, "with an American paper to start out as soon as I can." and turning to the doctor, he continued, "I should think the doctor must be very lonesome to have his only son and daughter both gone to the front."

The physician was a man of quiet demeanour and never was at a loss whatever happened to him.

"No, I must not feel lonely," said he, "on the contrary I ought to be grateful that my children are serving the country. If I were not too old I should be there too. Still, I am contented, because I am very busy now at home since the war. This is the way I can serve the country. People in general have begun to study my sanitary diet. Our men of the army and

navy take the utmost care of what they eat, they are so afraid of being detained at home on account of lacking good health. Their families too, are very careful of their health, and think it a wrong committed against the dear ones at the front, if they get sick while they are away. I am glad, because my sanitary diet is gaining a place in the country, and the more for the good tendency that the people show in paying more attention to their health."

"I see now," replied the guest, "the great difference between the Russian and Japanese soldiers. I heard there were so many deserters in the Russian army, and I also read in our home papers, that in the Japanese army and navy there was not a single case of violation of military or naval law, since the beginning of the war, and that the severest punishment the men feel, is that they are not permitted to go to the front. This must be the fundamental reason for the successive victories of the Japanese. The demoralization of the Russians is something very significant — I have actually seen it at Port Arthur. If the port was not on the

peninsula, and not isolated, but attached to their home country, they would all have fled away long before this.

"But hasn't Admiral Makaroff," asked the doctor, "revived the spirit of his men since he came to the Port?"

"I have seen the place," answered the young man, "since he commanded it. If he has revived his men, it was a forced enthusiasm, and not genuine. I can well imagine the state of affairs before he came there."

"Still he deserves our admiration," said the old man, "unless he had something in him, he could not restore order, nor force his courage on once defeated men. Our navy has a fair rival to fight with, I am sure."

The able commander was naturally the center of their conversation, and Conner was feeling proud, because Makaroff was the man he had adventured himself against and thus helped Hana and her country. On Hana it had a different effect, the name of the admiral recalled all her unfortunate accident — I call it accident, because she was unexpectedly thrown into the midst of an entangled affair, and had ruined her future, soft and sweet

as a transient dream; pitiful was her hard fate; noble her spirit of self-sacrifice. Hana did not enter into their conversation, but sat looking down on the floor as if she were suppressing pain. Her father and the guest were too busy with their discussion to notice her.

"But," said the young guest, "however great and able an admiral he may be, he cannot do much harm to the Japanese navy, for her commanders are all superior to him in skill and tactics."

In the midst of their conversation, a newsboy ran by outside of the gate, crying "Extra, a Great Naval Victory." Hana went out of the room to order a servant to get one, and presently she came in with an extra in her hand.

"Oh, father," she cried, "Makaroff is dead. The London telegram reports that there was a naval fight on the thirteenth, and Makaroff and the whole of his staff sank on their battle-ship, the Petropavlosk, which was exploded by their own mines."

She handed the extra to her father, and explained it in English for her friend.

The doctor read it with a doubtful expression.

"Mr. Conner," he said to the guest, "it is very strange that Makaroff should be drowned by having his ship exploded by his own mine, isn't it? If such be the case, he is not qualified to be called great or able. This cannot be. I think it was a mine placed by the Japanese, previously in the darkness of night without being detected. Any way I am sorry for him. If he had died in the battle, that would be what he might have anticipated, but simply to be drowned, himself and the ship and all, that's something hard. I am sure that our people will not be reserved in expressing sympathy and condolence."

The doctor was grieving for the death of the enemy's commander, when Hana looked over the extra which her father was holding in his hand.

"Father," she said, "it says also, a Russian torpedo-destroyer was sunk by a Japanese destroyer; I suppose there must have been another severe engagement."

"Yes, there must have been," replied

her father, "that was why Makaroff came out off the harbour, and struck on the mines."

"I wonder," she said, "whether the Russian destroyer came close to our fleet, or if she entered into close combat with our destroyer, as they did once before."

"Very likely," replied her father, "she fought in close combat with our destroyer. I don't think she came near to our fleet."

"Then," she asked, "brother has had another desperate fight, has he not?"

Hana was anxious about her brother. Conner was looking over the extra.

"Dr. Hayashi," said the guest, "I think the death of Makaroff means the end of Port Arthur. The Tsar's navy is not a match for the Japanese. The next report should be the fall of the port."

"N — o, I — think not," replied the doctor slowly, half meditating, "we can not capture Port Arthur unless we go with the army from the back of the stronghold, which we can do very easily. But I think we had better let the port alone, else, the Russians will retreat farther back into the continent. Port

Arthur is like a wart on Russia, as long as it exists there, she must send her blood."

The doctor burst out laughing and the guest laughed too.

"Now, Miss Hana," he asked, "aren't you glad of this victorious report?"

She was not so enthusiastic as he.

"It is a great cause of rejoicing for our country, no doubt," she replied, "at the same time, it must be very painful to Russia. It says in our teaching, that when we are victorious, we should not forget to sympathize with those that are defeated; when we are defeated, we must think of the glory of future victory. I feel sorry for Russia, because the admiral's death must be a great loss to her."

Conner had a question to put before the doctor.

"There is one thing I am puzzled about," he said. "Foreigners vary in their opinions in regard to the attitude and behaviour of the Japanese towards the present war. They are so cool and indifferent. They are not much excited if a victory is reported. Walking on the streets, we can hardly think

that you are carrying on a war, for we don't see any difference whatever in the life, except that the newsboys occasionally cry out on the streets with their war extras. Some attribute this to your reserved character, and others think it is because the Japanese are slow to feel like the Chinese. Others, again, consider it their custom not to express feeling. Which is nearest the truth, Doctor ? "

" As for the last opinion," said the doctor, " that must be one of the reasons. We think it unmanly to show our feelings in an extreme measure. It has been our custom for generations to suppress impulse and feeling, and guide them in rational bounds. The *samurai* of Japan were educated to be cool in victory as well as in defeat. Yet the Japanese are not different from the people of other countries, they rejoice when they are victorious ; in the bounds of reason, of course, they do express and show their feelings. But it is not the time yet for joy ; as long as the war is going on, a victory or defeat is but an incident, only one part of the whole. At these minor incidents we can

not afford to leave our work for excitement or grief. When we gain the final victory and peace is restored, then we shall be entitled to rejoice, and there will be great joy throughout the whole country. We are all working for the final victory."

While they were absorbed in conversation, they heard the loud call "Second Extra." Hana made the servant buy one.

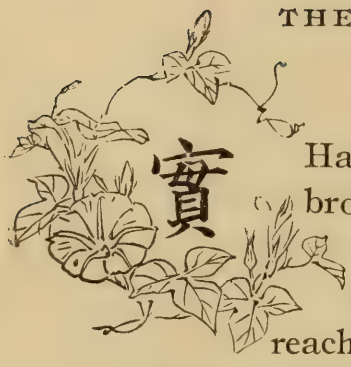
"This is the official report now," said the daughter, entering the room with the extra in her hand, "Makaroff was sunk by our mines."

"That's what I thought," said her father reading it, "otherwise he would not be so great an Admiral. Our naval plan was carried out beautifully, and he was allured out to the mines. The destroyer also was sunk by our destroyer. Our fleet bombarded Port Arthur on the thirteenth and fourteenth, for two days. In all these hot engagements, there were only five wounded of the crew in one of the destroyers. This is," continued, the doctor in a tone of reverence, "the marvellous help of Heaven!"

"I wonder who are the wounded," whispered Hana, anxiously, — "is my brother among the number?"

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

### THE CAPTIVE'S GRATITUDE.



實 Hana's anxiety became real. Her brother was severely wounded in the last battle of the torpedo-destroyers. The official despatch reached her father a little after Conner had gone away. She had, consequently, hastened her day of departure, and started away to Korea the very next day. Captain Hayashi was seriously wounded and was being treated at Chemulpo, and, on account of the wounds in his breast, his life was in danger, when Hana reached there. Even her tenderest nursing was not able to save him. On the next day after her arrival, the faint hope for his life was getting even more slender. Hana held his head in her arms, and asked him, —

"Have you not any words to leave, my dear brother?"

There were no tears in her eyes and she bore the trial bravely. The captain opened his eyes and vacantly gazed at her, but smiled when he recognized his only sister.

"It is a pleasure and honour," he faintly whispered, "I have exchanged my life with Admiral Makaroff, the enemy's Commander." Then he uttered a faint shout of "Banzai" for the Emperor and His Majesty's Navy; thus the patriotic soul past away, amidst the admiration of those who witnessed his heroic end. Hana too, proved herself to be a daughter of *samurai*, and sister to the brave captain. She bore it all with womanly quietness, — no air of weakness could be seen about her.

Yes, she bore it tearlessly. It was too deep for tears, and besides a Japanese woman who is reserved in every thing, shows very little grief or sorrow before others. After his funeral she felt a penetrating loneliness without her brother, and often in her room in the hospital at night she wetted her pillow. Her American friend

arrived soon at the place as a war correspondent. He took her grief as his own, and tried to comfort her with his utmost power.

As the battle line advanced, she also made a forward course to Manchuria as a Red Cross nurse with the rest, nursing the wounded of both sides. Mr. Conner who also advanced with the army, made use of all his chances to console her. Hana appreciated him, and even feared lest she could not repay him for his kindness.

In this war the Japanese army won a good reputation, in every way, and the work of the Red Cross Society also had a good influence upon the enemy. Its systematic readiness, its high-spirited devotion was the source of their admiration. In every battle, the society devoted itself to saving the enemy's wounded as well as its own soldiers. In a few battles, when the stretcher force was short, the Red Cross nurses went to the field for the work; on such occasions, Hana was always the foremost, regardless of danger. Before long she was promoted to be head nurse.

How this head nurse was admired even by the enemy's wounded! A letter from Lieutenant Danski Mikhailovitch, a wounded prisoner who was treated under Hana's superintendence, to his brother, Captain Danski, who was in Japan as a captive, will amply show how she was admired, even worshipped.

"My Dear Brother: —

"Now I am going to write you a strange incident that has happened, and how I was saved. I had fallen senseless at the battle of Chiu-lien-cheng, receiving two wounds, one in the back and one in the left leg.

"A few hours later, I think, when I came back to my senses, I found myself in a Chinese house, and saw a nurse in the Japanese Red Cross uniform standing by my bedside, and tenderly taking care of me. She was a tall, fair, dignified, and kind-looking young lady of about twenty. I knew I was taken in at the Japanese Red Cross Hospital. The young lady was the head nurse, and from her I received such kindness as I can never forget, and I am always thanking God for it.

"Hana was always the foremost,
regardless of danger."

*Page 224.*

"My wounds were skilfully cured by the dexterous surgery of the Japanese surgeon. If I had been taken to the Russian hospital, I am almost sure that I should have lost one of my legs, I know they could not have cured me unless they had cut it off; in this respect, the Japanese surgeons have presented me with a leg.

"In this hospital, a few others of our officers and many of the soldiers were taken in, and all received kind treatment, and were grateful to the surgeons and nurses. But we all paid special respect and gratitude to the head nurse.

"I regretted that I was not able to thank her directly, but through the imperfect interpreter. When we were short of interpreters we used our hands like dumb people to communicate our thoughts to the nurses. Many a time I could not help wishing that I could speak Japanese, or that Miss Hana was able to understand Russian; then I could make her know how grateful we all are to her.

"One day an American newspaper correspondent called on her, and they were

talking in English as if they were great friends. How glad I was, dear brother, when I found she could speak English; after her friend had gone away, I tried to speak with her in English. You know how awkward my English is. I can not speak as fluently as you can; my English is fresh from school, and never went through practice. I, being the only one that can speak the language among over two hundred prisoners in the hospital, naturally took the part of the interpreter for them all. Some of them declared that they would petition the government, after the war is over, to present Miss Hana with a decoration for her good services to their countrymen.

"As the Russian names are difficult for the Japanese nurses to pronounce, they call us by the number tagged on our beds, so Miss Hana did not know my name. Her special attention and care for me was because my wounds were severe, she did the same for any one whose wounds were bad, without regard to whether he was of her own nationality or one of the enemy. She was not partial in any way. But after I had spoken

with her directly in English, she seemed to pay me more attention than before, and she was specially attentive when she heard my name was Danski Mikhailovitch. There was one more Danski, but she did not take much notice of him.

"Every day the new wounded were brought into the hospital, and she was kept very busy. Whenever a serious case is carried in, she watches him day and night without rest or sleep. I have seen her once, when she was watching without a wink of sleep for three successive nights, and I fully believe she did the same when I was brought into the hospital. All the rest of the nurses are trying to follow this splendid example of consecration set by the head nurse.

"Though she was busy and had no time for conversation, she seemed to wish to speak to me, and I was also hoping for an opportunity.

"A few days later, she spared a little time to have a chat with me, and her first question was, —

"'Have you a brother, Mr. Danski Mikhailovitch?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I have a brother who is an officer in the navy. I heard that he was wounded in a naval engagement, and he is now a prisoner in Japan.'

"'I thought so,' said Miss Hana, 'you resemble him very much.'

"Since then she has been even kinder to me, and I must thank you, if her respect for you caused her to respect me, and if you were my passport to her confidence. She told me that she had been sent as the visiting committee from the "*Horyo Imon-kwai*" to see you, and also that you are entirely well now, on which I send you my hearty congratulations. I wanted to hear more about you, but as the other patient began to suffer, her attention was taken by the sufferer, and she went away.

"Dear brother, as I believe you know more of her, doubtless you are one of those who give tribute of hearty thanks to her. Rarely does one meet a lady like Miss Hana. She is rich in sympathy, unselfishness of heart, compassion, and tenderness. At the same time she is dauntless and brave; I have frequently heard from my fellow-prisoners

that she is often seen in the battle-field with her medicines and bandages going to the rescue of the wounded of both sides. I emphasize *both sides*, because in her eyes it makes no difference whether the wounded man is Russian or Japanese. There is no partiality in her treatment of the patients. This, of course, is not only true of her, but seems the principle of the Japanese army. We are admirers of the bravery and perseverance of the Japanese army, and not less of their non-partial treatment of the wounded.

"My wounds are nearly well now, and in a few days I shall be removed with the rest of my fellow-prisoners to Korea. Miss Hana, too, will move northward with her hospital following the advancing battle line. We are all grief-stricken at parting from her, as if we were parting from our mother.

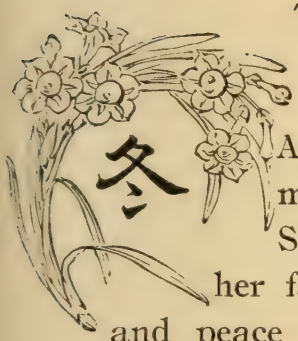
"Now I have got permission to write you, knowing you are quite well, and probably I can see you in the near future; then I will tell you more of this angel-like head nurse."

This letter duly reached Captain Danski,

who was removed to Matsuyama since we saw him last. The brothers did not meet, as Mikhailovitch died of local fever in Korea the next summer. From his death-bed he wrote another letter to his brother asking him to thank Hana for him whenever he had an opportunity.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

### THE FATHER'S SANCTION.




After spending many burning summers and hyperborean winters in Siberia, Hana returned safely to her father. The war was now ended, and peace was proclaimed between the two countries. All the war prisoners had been released and sent home. Captain Danski returned to his country after acquiring a good knowledge of the Japanese language during his long captivity in Japan.

Conner, too, returned to Japan from the war, and shortly after, he took his journey back to America, as he had stayed away too long from his parents, to tell the story of the war, and to see the happy faces of his father and mother, though he did not stay there very long, but came back to

Japan the very next summer. He called on Dr. Hayashi and found him very busy, as he always had been, in his study of dietary. His daughter was applying in her cookery her father's ideal food. The new cooking of the "Hayashian style" was gradually gaining a place in Japan as the best sanitary diet, and Conner had tasted the new invention already at his first meal in the hotel.

"Dr. Hayashi," said Conner, after he had congratulated the doctor on his success, "as long as man eats, your work is successful. It is not limited to Japan only, but it will surely prevail in my country as well as everywhere else. Some of our scholars, after careful study, have found fish is an excellent brain food, as fish contains more phosphorus than other food. Meat is good for food no doubt, but as the population is increasing, the time will come when we can not allow too much space for pastures, consequently it will bring about as a result the scarcity of meat. Then naturally we must make demand of the seas for our food. The sea is an inexhaustible storehouse of fish and plants. Western people are not

acquainted with the cookery of sea-plants. Soup of *laminaria japonica* or a dish of *araria pinnatifida* that I had once the honour of tasting at your table, will surely be welcomed by western people."

"That is so," replied the doctor, "your people don't use the sea-plants at all. They have particular merit as an aid to digestion, if cooked with land vegetables. Besides they cook more easily and faster than vegetables are cooked alone. For instance, when you cook beans with a little *laminaria*, they will be done much faster; you can cook bamboo-sprouts in three times less time than you can cook them by themselves. There is a scientific explanation connected with all these facts. There is a fair example which illustrates how essential the sea-plants are for our food. It was about ten years ago, that there was a famine in Aomori-Ken, the northern part of Japan. As the poor people had nothing to eat, they ate any kind of fruits, roots of grass, even leaves and the bark of trees. The consequence of this was that the people injured their stomachs and intestines, and caused themselves diarrhœa

of a severe form. The governor, by the advice of a doctor, instructed the people to use the sea plants to cook with the grasses, thus he saved the poor people from their suffering. The sea-plants and some of the vegetables are indigestible when they are cooked alone, but when they are eaten together in proper proportion they are wholesome and digestible. For this reason I deem it very important to study food."

While her father was demonstrating his study of cookery, Hana prepared two cups of tea.

"Please try, Mr. Conner," she said, "this is tea made from *laminaria*, a sea weed; it digests starch. After you eat rice, when you take a few cups of this tea, you will feel well."

The guest drank a little of it, and made a wry face, as if it was too much for him.

"Unless we are accustomed to drink it," he said, "it has a very peculiar smell."

Hana laughed at the funny face he made.

"When you get more accustomed to it," said she, "you will find it very delicious.

Our people did not like cheese, but they like it now after they are a little accustomed to it. We cannot appreciate the true taste of any food, unless we are used to it."

"That's so," he responded, and he drank another mouthful, and again made a grimace and laughingly he continued, "I don't think I can get used to it, by trying twice or so."

The Doctor drank his cup as if it was something very delicious.

"Mr. Conner," he asked, "how long are you going to stay in Japan this time?"

The guest assumed a very sober expression, as if he had come upon a very solemn problem.

"Now, my dear Doctor," he replied slowly, "I came with the intention of starting some business in Japan. I have prepared a million dollars for capital. I want to consult with you in regard to what business I should start to benefit the two countries, America and Japan."

The Doctor was drinking his tea, and was absorbed in thought. He did not make

an immediate answer. Hana was unable to hide her pleasure at hearing her friend was going to start business in Japan.

"Mr. Conner, have you any business experience?" asked the Doctor.

"No, Doctor," answered the young man cheerfully, "I have no experience that amounts to anything. After finishing my school education, I worked a little at father's foundry. That is all my experience."

"That won't do," said the physician, "you cannot succeed in any business unless you have good experience. There is great danger in an inexperienced man's handling big capital. He may buy experience with it, but as for the capital, he is sure to lose it. It is said in our country that what a man makes before he is forty never stays with him, because gain of this kind is got by a mere windfall, and he may lose it at the next enterprise. It is also said, 'Before forty serve a man, after forty let a man serve you.' It means that he had better acquire experience working under his seniors, before he actually undertakes business of his own. Is it not too early for you

to start business on a great scale? One million is too much to buy experience with, is it not?"

"Yes, but," answered the young man, "I shall be glad to spend a million for my experience, if I am able to do some benefit to your country and mine. I am not so much looking after gain as the amount of good I can do to both countries. So I am searching for a good work rather than a profitable business. For instance, your sanitary diet, if you have a mind to carry it out on a world-wide scale, I should not hesitate to employ my money on it. How would it be to disclose all your study, and make it a new enterprise? If you publish it in a book, and your daughter teaches how to make it of practical use, this will surely do good to mankind. As for the sea-plants, the people of America and Europe are unacquainted with the way they can be used for food. This I should like to introduce in western countries, and then Miss Hana must come over to my country to teach them."

Conner's heart was on Hana rather than on his new enterprise.

"I have," she said, "long wished to see your country once."

"Yes, do come," the guest returned promptly, "my parents want to see you too. We shall all welcome you, and I will gladly be your guide."

The young man was quite enthusiastic in exhorting her to take a trip to America, though she did not ask him to be her guide. The Doctor turned and spoke to her, —

"Really, I think you had better make a tour round the world."

Thus her father, too, had a tone of exhortation in his air. Conner could not be satisfied unless he heard her answer in the affirmative.

"How would it be," asked the young man of the doctor, "to ask your daughter to my country, in order to promulgate your theory. Will you give me leave to accompany her to my home?"

"I have no objection," was the father's reply, "it shall be as she wills."

Hana was revealing her delight in her face, when the father, turning round, looked at her.

"Miss Hana," Conner asked ardently, "please do come to my country, won't you?"

"I don't care to stay very long," she answered, "but for a short time I should like to."

"You would not like to stay long," he said, rather disappointed, "that's too bad, Miss Hana."

"It is a great day for us, Hana," said the doctor, "to have Mr. Conner for our guest. You had better treat him to your own cooking."

"Yes, I will," she responded cheerfully, and turning to her young friend, she said, —

"You will excuse me a little while. I will prepare the dinner from water products, sea-plants and fish.

Conner recovered a little from his disappointment, at seeing her tenderness towards him, but not altogether.

"Why is it," he asked of the Doctor, after she had gone away to the kitchen, "that she does not like to stay long in America?"

"Perhaps," he replied, "she is anxious

about me. She may not like to leave me all alone, so far away. But I don't care, as long as she is happy, I don't mind where she is."

Conner's hope revived fully now, and he wanted to say something, about which he was still hesitating. Nevertheless he could not afford to miss this good chance, so he made up his mind to disclose his ardent desire.

"Dr. Hayashi," he began. His face flushed, his heart beat fast. "I have one thing to ask you. As I am not fully acquainted with your customs, I am rather in doubt as to whether I should ask you by letter, or directly in words. By whatever means it may be, I must ask you once any how."

Perhaps the doctor guessed the question the young man had in his heart.

"Speak out, whatever it may be," he said very pleasantly.

"I desire," declared the young man, plucking up his courage, "to marry Miss Hana. Will you give me leave?"

The physician was not surprised at

all, as if it was a thing he had fully expected.

"This is the greatest affair of a man's life," said the father, "I will give you a definite answer to-morrow, after ascertaining my daughter's own opinion."

In the answer, there was no sign of disapproval that could be detected. Not only was he not surprised at the proposal, but it seemed to Conner that he welcomed it; and the young man felt as if he had received his sanction. He could not but show his delight.

"Now, Doctor," the young man said, "after we are married, Hana will not stay away from you long. As my business will be for the good of the two countries, I will make two residences, one in each country, so Hana can live in either of them. I have told my parents about her, they heard of her with admiration and approved of my marrying her."

Conner forgot that he had not secured her father's sanction yet, and the father, too, seemed as if he had forgotten it, and answered, —

"She will be very happy, I am sure."

The daughter did not know what was going on in the parlour, she came in to lead them to the dining room. At the table, he studied Hana, in regard to how much she was inclined toward him. He was sure that she would respond to him more warmly than her father. He wondered why her father postponed the answer till to-morrow, and it seemed to him just as well to give it to him right now. Neverthless his heart was leaping for joy and happy anticipation, and he swallowed every thing without tasting much.

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## CHAPTER NINETEEN.

### ANTICIPATION.

The next day Conner stayed at the hotel, waiting for the answer from the doctor. His heart was leaping in anticipation of a favourable answer. He received no reply that morning, and was impatient. He was picturing all sorts of things and wanted to ask some one who knew the custom on such an occasion. He wondered how the answer would be sent to him; by mail, or whether the father himself would come personally with the answer, or send his daughter as the sign of his hearty approbation. He entered the dining room at noon, with the hope of finding some one who would be able to tell him all about it, and as he glanced over the spacious room, he

found a Japanese lady in one corner, with whom he had been well acquainted at the front. She was Madame Yamagishi, the wife of a provincial governor, who had been working with Hana as a Red Cross nurse. She spoke English. Conner thought he was fortunate in finding her, and after dinner he waited for her in the next room. Madame Yamagishi, who was very pleasant and somewhat talkative, saw him, and walked towards him.

"Well, Mr. Conner," she exclaimed," wherever did you come from? When did you return? Hana-ko San told me you were away visiting your parents in America."

Conner felt pleased to hear that he had secured a place among the ladies, so far as to be one of their topics of conversation.

"I arrived here only yesterday." he replied, and asked of the lady, "Are you staying here at the hotel?"

"Yes, I am," she returned, "my husband and I came to Tokyo a few days ago on very important business, and owing to having been very busy, I have not called

on Hana-ko San yet. Have you been to see her, Mr. Conner ? "

" I have," was his answer, " I called on her yesterday."

With this answer Conner blushed not a little. Mrs. Yamagishi knew his assiduity towards Hana, since they were all together at the battle-field. She had seen all through him with woman's quick insight.

" Indeed, I see," she responded, smiling, " you have not lost any time. Hana-ko San must have been very happy to see you. She talks about you every time I see her. I am almost tired of hearing her praise of you, — how kind and brave you are, and how much good you have done for our country. You seem to be the only man in the world in her eyes."

There was a tendency to exaggeration in her talk, but it sounded pleasant to his ear.

" If you have time," asked Conner, " may I ask you to come to the library, where we can have a private talk ? "

" Yes, certainly," she responded promptly.

They entered the library, and found no

one there. He thought it quite fortunate, and gave her a seat. In a rather embarrassed way he began to ask his questions.

"I should like to know, Madame Yamagishi," he said, "the procedure of Japanese matrimony. Can you please tell me?"

Madame Yamagishi was smiling before he finished his inquiry, as if she knew what he wanted already before he asked.

"With pleasure, I will." she replied very pleasantly, "But I must ask you beforehand why you ask me this." She said this to tease him a little, and continued — "Are you going to write for some of the American magazines? Or, have you any other reason for asking? My method of explaining it will differ according to your motive in asking. If you are investigating this in view of marrying Hana-ko San, certainly I will give you even the minutest details. So I must demand of you the reason why you ask me this."

Conner laughed to cover his embarrassment.

"Don't ask me the reason, please," he

said, "but give me the details as precisely as you can."

"No, no," she replied, "unless you tell me your reason frankly, I can not proceed with the explanation. Shall I guess it? Yes? All right. I think you are thinking of asking Hana-ko San to marry you. You have come back to Japan with the view of proposing to her this time, isn't it so, now? I think I am not mistaken, am I? But if that is the real case, there is one hindrance."

He was terror-stricken to hear of a hindrance thus unexpectedly.

"What is it?" he asked very impatiently.

"Now, you see," she replied, "what I have guessed was right. I know I am right by the way you get frightened. The hindrance is this." she continued, becoming serious again, "In most cases, parents who have only a daughter, do not like to give her away. In Japan the family line is carefully kept, and a family that lacks a son to inherit the name, generally adopts a son to marry the daughter. To speak plainly she cannot take your name,

but you must take her family title, as her only brother was killed in the war. Unless you decide to become a Japanese, you can not succeed in marrying her."

"Is that all?" said Conner, greatly relieved of his anxiety, "That's nothing. Now please tell me the proper way of making a proposal in Japan."

"For instance, in your case, there is a need of what we call a go-between. However intimate you may be, you wouldn't ask personally, unless you have a very exceptional reason, but generally get some person like myself, for instance, who is well acquainted with both parties, for the middleman. Then I go to Hana-ko San's father and inform him of your desire, and if he approves of it, he will ask his daughter, and as soon as she gives her consent, he will send me the favourable answer. Then both parties exchange presents as signs of mutual goodwill. The presents, according to the old custom, consisted of *kombu*, a kind of seaweed, smoked fish, and a beautiful sash and gown, but now some people, following Dr. Hayashi's advice, exchange physical cer-

tificates written by trustworthy physicians. These presents we call *yuino*, and when they have been exchanged, the matrimonial contract is completed, and the next step is to fix a day for the marriage.

"For the wedding ceremony, some people observe the old custom, and others take a notion to adopt the western custom. But I think, for your wedding with Hana-ko San, Dr. Hayashi will like to follow the western style. Now, remember Mr. Conner, I want to have the honour being present at your wedding."

The lady seemed to believe that his wedding was near at hand. Conner was not displeased to see her air of confidence, and on such an occasion, one wants to hear more and more of it.

"But then," asked her young friend, "if the other party disapproves of the match, for instance if Dr. Hayashi wants to reject my proposal, by what means does he communicate with me or rather how does he send me his negative reply?"

"In that case," she responded, "he rejects the offer of the go-between, of course,

and that means the closing of the whole affair. But there is no fear of his rejecting you, I assure you."

"Why are you so sure?" he asked again, "I want to know the reason."

"Why, Mr. Conner, you ask me a hard question," she replied laughing out loud. "That's nothing but conjecture, of course; but believe me, my guesses never stray away too far from the truth. Since we have returned from the front, I have often called on Miss Hana and her father; and every time the war is introduced in our conversation, it seldom goes on without your name from her lips. I have heard the doctor speaking of you very highly as a man of progressive nature. It is a great compliment for any one when the doctor says of him that he is a progressive man. We consider him a great critic of keen insight, and he seldom misses in his judgment. When he speaks of some of our statesmen, or business men, or literary men as men that have ceased to make progress, that always proves to be true. He is always

grieving because he can but seldom meet men, whom he can regard as those who have qualities to be developed and who will continue to progress until their old age. So you see he has great confidence in you.

"Now, Mr. Conner," she continued, "if you ever succeed in marrying Hana-ko San you will be one of the happiest of men. She has been brought up in one of the happiest homes in the land, and she knows how to make a home happy. In her mother she has seen the highest and the best type of mother and wife. Her mother was indeed a noble woman. Several years ago, when the pest prevailed in Japan for the first time, she nursed many of the afflicted, and was taken by this contagious disease and died from it. It is said that, on her death bed, she told her daughter this —

"'All these thirty years since I married your father I have been very happy. And I am proud to say that our happiness has increased year by year. There are many who are not able to be thus happy even just for a year. I cannot say that my life is long,

but I am not grieved to die, when I think how grateful I am to be permitted to be thus happy. I believe you have seen this example of mine that you may qualify yourself to make home happy as I have done.'

"Indeed, there are many that seem happy for the first few years after their marriage, but their happiness diminishes with the years. According to the doctor's theory, he attributes this to the lack of the true knowledge of love, and thinks such people are nearer to the lower animals in their character. He considers the love of husband and wife as a thing that has no limit in its sublimity and depth, and that married people should appreciate one another and be more happy as the years advance. The doctor and his wife are a good example. A man or woman should have strong convictions whereby to develope his or her character until very old age, and never cease their progress to be a better man and woman. Those who have been married ten or twenty years should respect, love, and devote themselves to each other ten or twenty times more than they did at the

beginning, but there are many cases just the reverse. That shows the degeneration of a man's character, and that he is not worthy of the happiness of home. The doctor has often told us that love is not so shallow a thing as young people imagine; they experience and realize love in the full sense of the word, five or ten years after the wedding ceremony is solemnized. I am not the only one who has realized the truth of the doctor's words.

"Mr. Conner, now you understand in what kind of home Hana has grown up, and by what kind of parents she has been trained. Besides, she was born with such beautiful qualities in herself. I have noticed from our girlhood while we were at school together, that her beautiful character was growing and developing with her age. After ten years, you will respect and love her ten times more than you do now. In this respect you are the happiest man in the country."

The lady seemed to have a very happy home, and Conner was pleased to hear his dear Hana spoken of so highly.

"Even now," he replied, "I respect and love her with all my heart. I can not imagine what kind of woman she will be to be adored ten times more than I adore her now."

"You don't need to imagine it," she responded, "you will see it by and by. If you have any desire for her, I shall be glad to perform the office of middleman."

Conner was glad to hear her good-will, but the matter had already gone far beyond it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Yamagishi," he said, "I have asked her father already."

"How quick you are! When did you do it?" she exclaimed, greatly surprised, and looking at his flushed face. Just then a boy entered the library with a letter in his hand.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Conner."

When he took it in his hand, he could not hide his delight. Mrs. Yamagishi knew from whom it had come, and did not want to hinder his pleasure in reading it, so she retired from the room. Conner opened the seal with trembling hands, and began to

read the first few lines, but other guests entered the library, so he retired to his room.

SHIMADAI.

EMBLEMS OF CHASTITY, HAPPINESS, AND LONGEVITY TO BE USED IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

## CHAPTER TWENTY.

### THE LETTER.

"My Dear Mr. Conner: —

"To you, I must open all the secrets of my heart.

"Be composed, and listen and have pity for what I have to tell.

"I believe I know you better than any one, and my father has the greatest respect and confidence in you; that was because of what he heard through me, perhaps.

"And also I trust you as the only one who fully understands me as I am; for that, I render more gratitude than even for all the gallant deeds you performed to save me from the hands of the Russian. It is very rare to meet a friend like you.

"We mutually understand and appreciate each other, and nothing would exceed my

father's joy to see our happy union; but in spite of that.....

"Dear Mr. Conner, pity me for I have a secret that I must confess to you. It is the cause for which I cannot comply with your courteous demand. I have a reason, a very sad one, which I have kept from you though it cost me heart's pain. I have tried hard not to recall it to my memory, for it was too much for me to bear.

"Dear Mr. Conner, please don't be angry with me. I have given consent of marriage to the Russian captive. I strictly waited a week, but just then, our country was almost panic-stricken with the rumour that Vice-Admiral Makaroff had made his flight with all of his squadron from Port Arthur. I, then, felt it my duty to find out the enemy's secret in regard to his life, at any cost to myself. I had not forgotten your words, but could not wait any longer than the promised week. Mr. Conner, I have sacrificed myself for the country, in acceding to the demands of Mr. Danski."

"Dear Mr. Conner, don't be offended with me, for it will be too much for me.

I trusted your words, and waited, and if that serious thing had not happened I would have waited longer. But the situation did not allow me an hour of delay. As the duty of the people to their country, I have exchanged my happiness for the secrets of the enemy. My consent was given strictly in accordance with the Japanese custom, and it has no validity whatever, unless my father approves the union; and the other promise I made was that I would reject all the candidates my father brought me except Danski himself. With these two promises as the key, I have opened the secrets of Port Arthur, in regard to the Admiral and the condition of the squadron. It was an hour later — only one hour — that your telegram reached me. Imagine how I felt and pity me; regret, remorse, pain, and chagrin seemed to gnaw my poor bleeding heart, shaking it with their angry teeth. Words won't explain my feeling at that time, my nerves were paralysed and benumbed by too intense a shock. For two or three days I was in a state of trance, could take no food or slumber. I felt as if my heart stood still, only the body kept its motion.

"Gradually I began to realize my situation, as my feelings came back to a natural state, how forlorn and cut loose I am from the happy anticipations I once pictured. I was sad again, but I have overcome with the satisfaction of having served my country with the best I have, and I made a resolution not to be sad. The information I got from Mr. Danski was a great aid to the country. How much greater was all the information you gave us, no one can estimate, as yours was much later and more precise. You could not save me as you intended, though, indirectly, you have saved many of my countrymen's lives.

"Thus I was pacifying my trembling heart, and had not even dreamed of your great accident, thinking you obtained your information very easily. But then, when I saw you come to the hospital surrounded by the nurses, your head all bound up in a bandage, how astonished I was, even terrified. Then, the head-surgeon told me, after careful examination, that he could not hope for your life, they should not have moved you at all. The shock was too great, and I felt as if my blood had stopped

flowing. I immediately asked the surgeon to let me take charge of you and with the doctor's leave I watched you day and night. How grateful and sad I was when a nurse who came from Chefoo with you, told me how you were wounded, and I knew you went through all this danger, risking your life to save me. I was greatly moved, and there are no words to express my deep feeling, when she told me that you requested to be removed here even at the cost of your life, and you insisted on it for the reason that you must see a person in Nagasaki before you died. Oh, Mr. Conner, I would not have refused to die in your stead when I heard it. Indeed, I had gladly given my life if it had been needed to save you.

"Your fever was rising higher and higher, and with the increasing fever our apprehension of danger was getting intensified. The surgeon was watching you with a serious look. The nurses were cooling your head with ice-bags. What a tumult of my feelings, what a violent beating of my heart, all from apprehension and dismay! Slowly I resolved to nurse you with all my

might and power back to health. When you struggled with the pain, the spectacle was agony to me. My nerves that were benumbed, now returned to the utmost sensitiveness, and all your pain reflected on my nerves with hundredfold intensity. Your every movement or groan wrung my poor heart already broken and bleeding. I could not weep, the tears even had forsaken me and refused to help.

"At night the crisis seemed to be past, your fever ceased to rise, your struggles and groaning gradually subsided. The doctor left me with the order to call him if any change took place in you. I excused the nurses, I was alone watching your breathing, cooling your head with the ice. You had seen and recognized me when you entered the hospital, and then you seemed to slacken your strained spirit, and fell senseless. As the pain seemed to subside, you were delirious with fever, often saying unmeaning things. I heard you call my name Hana; it is still lingering in my ear. When I thought that you had nothing else in your head, then, but me, gratitude blending with

sorrow penetrated into the very core of my heart.

"A fear seized me; — when you came back to your senses, if you asked me how your telegram served me, how could I answer you with the truth! It would mean death to you. Could I deceive a man so truthful, brave, and good with an answer that was not true; — yet the straightforward answer meant your death; could I dare to do a thing that would risk your life, and kill you, so gallant and generous? I was lost between the two.

"As I expected, you asked me the next day, when you came back to your senses. The question was a most painful one for me. Circumstances did not allow me to tell you the truth, a vague answer would only serve to increase your anxiety, which meant to put your life in danger. I was obliged to make you an answer in order to keep you alive.

"Oh, Mr. Conner, forgive me. I have deceived you. These were the only words untrue that ever escaped from my mouth, before or since. I have deceived you with

the pretence that your telegram came in time to save me. This is the wrong I have done to you, an eternal torment to my conscience day and night."

"Oh, Mr. Conner, I have often tried to confess it to you, but I have lost my chance, because you were kind to me, — kinder and kinder every day. How could I disappoint you, how could I grieve you! I preferred to perish rather than make you sad. At the front, you have been my protector and comforter, and your gallant yet tender heart was my refuge in that wild Manchuria and hyperborean Siberia. Often I wished the enemy's shell would carry my life away, if I must see you disappointed. Even the enemy's shell refused me.

"My prayer was not to displease you or make you sad, but now I am brought to confess all my wrong against you, to open all the secret before you. I can not give my consent of marriage to any one. Mr. Danski may come to ask my father, but it is impossible for him to get his approval, and I am safe in that respect, but I am destined to live a single life.

"Mr. Conner, though your adventure did not rescue me from the snare of a cruel fate, it has done great service to our country. The work of a sincere heart is never wasted.

"I believe you are my best and truest friend in this wide world. All other demands of yours I will gladly comply with, and render any possible assistance towards the success of your business. As a friend, I will not refuse to give even my life for you.

"According to the custom of the land, my father should give you the answer; but as no one can take my place in confessing my wrong to you, you will excuse my boldness in sending you the answer.

"My father desires to continue your friendship, and requested me to tell you to visit him as usual. So please call on us often, nay, oftener than ever. Nothing exceeds my joy and comfort in seeing you.

"Last of all, pity my poor heart.

Most faithfully, I remain, yours,

Hana."

Conner, who was reading the letter in

his own room at the hotel, threw himself on the bed, covering his face with the written sheets.

A JAPANESE POSTMAN.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

### AT NIKKO.

About ninety miles north of Tokyo, there is a range of mountains by the name of Nikko, including a town of the same name. All the foreign tourists who come to Japan deem it necessary to visit the place. It is the ancestral burial ground of the Tokugawa family, the last and most powerful *shogun* of Japan. The memorial temples and shrines there, monopolized all the art genius of the land. The place is rich with beautiful scenes and picturesque landscapes; and the Japanese who are naturally lovers of any thing beautiful, think it their duty to climb the mountains once in their lives. There are more than forty water-falls in the mountains,

and one of them, called the Kegon, is the second largest in the empire. Above this Kegon, there lies the tranquil Lake Chuzenji, stretching its clear surface of a shining mirror to a circumference of twenty miles. The thermometer never rises here above eighty degrees in the warmest summer. Around the lake and in the vicinity, the people, — Japanese and foreign, — spend the summer. This year especially, the place was crowded with tourists from various foreign countries who came to visit victorious Japan.

At the Lake Hotel, Dr. Hayashi and his daughter were staying with their American friend. They came in company from Tokyo, and they were very intimate, as if they were members of the same family. Hana and Conner seemed more affectionate than some brothers and sisters, and even most married couples.

As the weather was serene and the lake was calm, Conner persuaded Hana to go out boating with him to which she agreed very willingly. Soon they pushed away from the little wooden jetty in front of the hotel.

"—Monopolized all the art
genius of the land"

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Her dear Maru who never missed going with her was in the boat before she knew it.

They rowed towards an island in the middle of the lake, making widening ripples on the crystal surface at every stroke of the oars.

Many boats and junks were floating leisurely, some dropping lines to fish for bass and trout, and some enjoying the dreamy environment. Near the water's edge, the cliffs, peaks and wooded slopes around reflected their perfect shapes without a single blurred line. Contentment, peace, tranquillity seemed diffused over the water, and only rushes, sailing swans, and golden oars were wanting to make it a fit bathing place for a Greek goddess.

Conner rowed his boat to the other side of the island, and came to a little chasm, overshadowed by the bending trees. They had the place to themselves, being secured by the moss-covered cliff and sheltered from the outer lake. Conner pushed the boat to the landing-place, and stepped over the stone, and tied the chain to the

trunk of a tree. Hana was looking in the water.

"I see many pretty little fish swimming in the water," she cried, "Mr. Conner, come and see how deep and clear the water is."

The young man bent over the water to look but said nothing, as if he had something on his mind. She felt a little discouraged at getting no reply from him; innocently she lifted up her eyes towards him, and to her surprise, he was much changed in his demeanour.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, "Are you feeling badly? You must be tired with rowing too hard, Mr. Conner."

Her friend's face was not lighted up as usual by her consoling words.

"No, Miss Hana, I am not tired at all," he replied with unusual gravity. "I am going to be scolded again to-day, for repeating the same old thing. But then, this will be the last time, and you won't hear me speak again on the subject which you do not like to hear. You will give me leave only this once for the last time."

Thus Conner begged her to give him her

permission to speak, and Hana did not refuse him.

"We say in Japan," she said, "of a man who repeats the things of the past, that he counts the age of a deceased child."

"No, no," he exclaimed, "I am not going to say a thing of the past. I am going to speak in regard to your future. Please don't be offended. I perfectly understand your agreement with Danski, but I should like to know, how long the agreement is valid or, plainly, when will you be released from it? That is the question. If the Russian forgets you, or disregards his promise, and marries a wife in his own country; are you still going to keep the promise and continue your single life?"

"I am afraid," she answered sadly, "that I am bound for all my life. Mr. Danski is a man of a spiteful nature, and never gives up a thing on which he has set his heart. I don't think he will marry another woman, whatever may happen to him."

"But if he does?" persisted the young man.

"Of course he is then responsible for the breaking of the promise, and not I." she responded, "But then, in justice to the promise I made, I can not wish him to stray away from what is right. I don't think he demanded marriage of me from a malicious intention; it must be from good-will, only it did not take a refined form, and lacks rational human principles."

"In case of his death, what will you do?" he asked again.

"I can not bear," she replied, "to imagine the misfortune of others, especially the death of Mr. Danski. I wish long life to all men, why shouldn't I wish good health and long life for Mr. Danski?"

There is a very high and most delicate feeling in eastern women, which has been cultivated for centuries. Conner was mute for a while in deep thought.

"Ah, —" he sighed heavily, "If Danski possessed the smallest portion of a heart like yours, he would not have forced you into this trouble. He sees your beauty outside, but he can not appreciate the nobleness of your heart. What a pity it is that he

has seized the reins of your destiny. Now, Miss Hana, I warn you, he is a man of dangerous character. When he comes back to Japan, and calls on you to carry out your promise, he won't be satisfied and resign his demand on the plea that your father does not approve. He will employ all means to oppress you. That's what I am anxious about. Haven't you ever thought of that?"

This was a reasonable conjecture, but Hana seemed to have an answer for it.

"Don't be anxious about it, Mr. Conner," she said. "When he comes to Japan, I will make him understand my situation, and that as I can not get my father's sanction, I will yet be true to my words and promise, continuing my single life. I think he will understand."

"But then," returned Conner anxiously, "do you suppose he will be satisfied with your explanation, and tamely resign his purpose? If he has such high understanding, he will surely be inspired by your noble character to withdraw his demand, and make you free. But what will you do

when he presses upon you with his brutal spitefulness ? "

" He cannot frighten me," she replied slowly, " by danger or aggression. Japanese women, though they are obedient, are not cowardly. They have courage to resist aggression."

Maru, who was crouched down in a corner of the boat, made a sudden jump to the shore. This interrupted their conversation. They directed their eyes towards Maru. He was barking very hard at a bush as if he had found some thing hideous or strange. A snake nearly six feet long was gliding along towards Maru, raising its head and sticking out now and then its fiery tongue. Maru tried to jump at it, and retreated back several times. Hana was anxious about her pet. Conner took his oar and struck the snake. At this sudden reinforcement on Maru's side, the snake made its escape, gliding into the bush. Conner took Maru into his arms and returned to the boat. Maru was still glaring at the bushes.

" Maru is a brave little fellow, isn't he ? "

said Conner, taking up a new subject, and dismissing his old one.

"Isn't he, though?" she replied, "Most dogs are afraid of snakes. But I think we had better go back, Mr. Conner, before it gets too late."

The subject of Danski had spoiled her pleasure, and she was desiring now to go back. Conner tried to console her.

"I am very sorry, Miss Hana," he apologized, "that I have made you sad with a thing you did not like to hear. Well, let us go back now."

He untied the chain, and began to row. When they came to the outer lake they saw many fishing boats, floating here and there. In the nearest, they had caught a big trout, and were trying to pull it into the boat. Conner steered his boat towards the lucky fisher.

"Look, Miss Hana," he cried, "they have caught a big trout, almost too big to pull into the boat. Let us go and see,"

She did not care to see it, she was too sad to direct her mind to the fishers, and asked Conner to take her back to the shore.

Conner was surprised in no small degree to see her how deeply she was grieved in her heart.

"Miss Hana," he made another apology, "have I grieved you so much? I am very sorry. How can I make it right?"

He steered his boat towards the shore now.

"No, Mr. Conner," she replied slowly "you have not hurt me at all. When I think of Mr. Danski, it puts me in great anxiety in regard to you. If he is in Japan now, and sees how intimate we are, he will surely scheme to hurt you; he is a jealous man, you know. I can not bear to put you again in danger on account of me. Now I am thinking how I can avoid it."

"Ah, is that all?" cried Conner, much relieved of his anxiety for her, "I welcome all his schemes and persecutions. I will even fight a duel with him if it is for your sake. Have you received any letter from him lately?"

"No," she replied, "he wrote to me only once when he was leaving Japan, telling me he was coming back. That is the

only letter I have received from him. Sooner or later I must come to encounter him, when I will give him a full explanation, and make him understand my situation just as it is. If he possesses human reason, I think he will understand me."

She now desired to meet Danski, and Conner seemed resolved to take all her troubles on himself.

Soon they came nearer to the shore, and saw many foreigners and Japanese who were out, taking a walk in parties on the smooth macadamized road around the lake. Some were laughing aloud, some talking, some waving fans, some swinging canes, all pursuing one thing, — the cool evening breeze.

Among a party of foreign people, a tall and heavily built man with a broad-rimmed helmet on, was watching Conner's boat through a field-glass. Hana felt somewhat uneasy, when she looked toward the shore, but when she found the tall figure, she turned deathly white, as if she had had a strong electric shock. She tried hard to escape her friend's eyes and happily Conner did not notice her change of color as he was

busy rowing his boat. Presently the figure disappeared, but she thought probably he was watching still closer from his ambush.

As they reached the shore, she made her friend hurry, and they went to the hotel. Her manner was quite unlike her usual calmness, but he attributed this to her not feeling well.

In the evening, Hana and her father and their friend Conner all assembled in the dining room as usual. Hana shot a quick glance down the length of the room as if she was searching for some one. After dinner the three went into the drawing-room, as they were accustomed to do, and as soon as her father and her friend were engaged in conversation, she softly retired from the room. She went thoughtfully through the long hall-way.

The sun had already declined, leaving a gloomy twilight that wrapped the scenery, giving only uncertain outlines, these, too, partly hidden by the vapour that rises at evening from the lake. Hana seemed in search of some one. When she came to the open court that looks into the garden, she

saw no one but her pet Maru who came running to her, wagging his tail.

"Oh, Maru, is it you?" her sad voice vibrated in the silent hall. "I wish you were a man, I would ask you to hunt some one....."

Presently a boy of the hotel came toward her with the air of looking for some one, and found Hana in the dark. He politely presented a letter, saying, —

"Ojō-sama, this is a letter I was asked to hand you in person. The sender was a gentleman."

She knew who it was by the writing.

"Where is the gentleman now?" she asked him, but he was not certain.

"He handed me this letter just a little while ago," was his ambiguous answer, "where he went I cannot tell, probably he is staying at the other hotel." The boy made a polite bow and went away.

She hastily retired to her room. When the seal was broken, a shudder went through her body. The letter was short, and read as follows, —

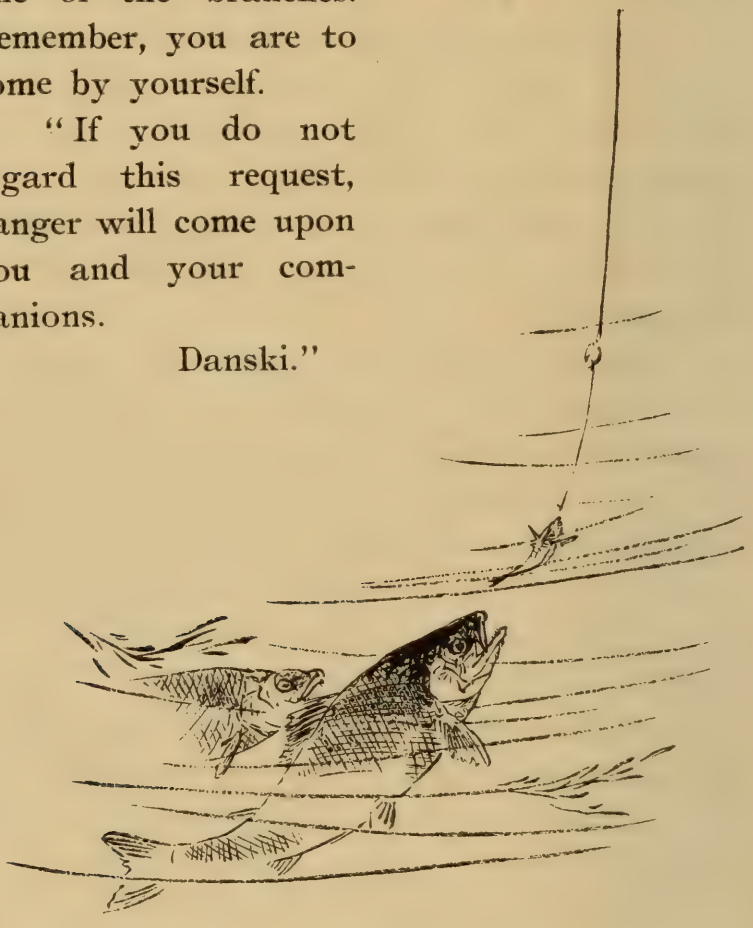
"My Dear Hana: —

"I have some business to consult with you about.

"At twelve o'clock to-night, come to the woods beyond the Kegon Fall, — to mark the place a white handkerchief will be tied on one of the branches. Remember, you are to come by yourself.

"If you do not regard this request, danger will come upon you and your companions.

Danski."



## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

### THE CATASTROPHE.

It was near mid-night. The bustle of the day was now hushed in the hotel as the most of the guests had retired to their rooms. The gate was closed.

Though it was summer, the mountain air was cold at night, and unlike the city no loiterers were seen out of doors. The moon was clear and high, and poured its cold and lonely radiance upon the water. The island seemed distant and dark. The farther end of the shore slept under the shroud of blue haze, nay, the whole earth seemed asleep under the faint moonlight, while the occasional hooting of an owl was as the call of the watch-man.

Hana stole into the garden, and softly

opened the wicket that leads to the road. Her faithful Maru came running to her, and lost no time in getting out on the road with her.

They made their way to the north, and soon entered upon the path that leads through the woods turning to the east. The ghostly moon-light struggled through the branches. They made several ascents and descents through the easy hills for about a quarter of a mile, when they came to the little open place. Toward the right, there thundered the deep roll of the Kegon Fall, which seemed to shake the earth to the very center. On the left, lay a forest of gigantic trees, dark and dreary as the abode of goblins and ghosts. Hana pursued the narrow path through this wood; from the branches lace-like *Usnea barbata*, locally called *kirimo*, drooping down, were swinging like the hair of a monstrous goblin. Enormous vines, for which the place is famous, twined round the gigantic trees like great snakes. Hana felt a penetrating coldness there as of the air of a deserted dwelling-place of demons. At every drop of dew that fell on her head or shoulder, she felt

the touch of the cold hands of the ruined spirits, and her blood was almost frozen. Through this unfathomable quietness and awful solitude Hana trod, carefully watching for the appointed signal. Maru knew that his mistress was in a serious position, and half frightened, walked very close to her heels. The narrow road led farther and grew darker.

Presently, Hana perceived vaguely a white object on a branch, and when she approached near, Maru gave a sudden bark. It vibrated in the stillness of the night, and waked the echoes from all directions. Hana halted there, Maru made a forward dash barking still louder. Suddenly, she saw a big man rising from the stump of a tree and striding toward her. Maru barked still harder.

"Is that you, Hana?" were the words of the big man in English which sounded harsh and terrible.

"Yes, are you Mr. Danski?" was the reply in a sweet voice.

"Take your seat there." he rudely ordered her, pointing to the stump of a tree near by. As she obeyed the order, he took his

seat near her. Maru stopped barking, but kept looking doubtfully at the man. He crouched at his mistress's feet, and kept uttering a low growl.

Danski was quietly gazing at her. The faint light which trickled through the branches, partly lit her face and form. She was also silent, waiting for what he had to say.

"Miss Hana," he said, drawing a deep breath, "you have a charm to fascinate a man's heart, and melt all the anger therein. When I look at you, I can not say what I wanted to say. I was full of disappointment and anger."

He said this, gradually softening his voice but Hana, on the other hand, taking a more solemn air and tone, asked, —

"Why is it, Mr. Danski, you are so disappointed and angry?"

He made no reply.

"When did you come back, Mr. Danski?" she continued.

"I arrived at Tokyo a week ago," he answered in a heavy tone, "and made a close investigation of you. I have also seen

you here to-day with your American. I know all about you. Now, Miss Hana, there is no use in hiding anything from me, and be assured you have been fully investigated."

There was a certain tone of assertion in his words, to which Hana made a cold response.

"Is that so?" she said, "I must thank you for it. If you have investigated me and my deeds without mistake, nothing exceeds my gratitude. As you know all about me, I should think you must be perfectly satisfied."

Danski seemed surprised at this unexpected answer.

"What!" he exclaimed, "I should be contented! Indeed I have been deceived. You have cheated me. How can I be but disappointed and angry. You want me to be a good and smooth fellow and to bear all your tricks, and be contented, yes! That is almost too kind of you."

"That's too much, Mr. Danski," retorted Hana, "I won't take that insult. How did I deceive you? I have been keeping my promise

faithfully all this time. If you have investigated about me as you say you have, I should think you would be glad of it. How have I deceived you? Please tell me now."

"Now, Miss Hana," cried Danski, greatly excited, "there is no use in hiding anything from me. I know you are in love with that American youngster. I am sure you have forgotten me entirely, and also the promise."

He betrayed an air of resentment, but Hana was calm and serene as usual.

"Then you do not know about me at all," she replied slowly. "He proposed for me, and I declined, because I am bound by my promise. If you know that, I should think you would be contented, for I never disregard our agreement. Mr. Conner has been our friend, why couldn't I have him as my friend still? I associate with him very intimately, but this has never gone beyond the limit of friendship. Do you consider that I am not true to myself, if I make a friend? You remember what interest I took in your brother, a few years ago in Manchuria. Indeed, I even went beyond

the limit of mere friendship in nursing your wounded brother. It was not to your brother only, of course, that I extended sincere sympathy and deepest friendship; those wounded, I have treated them alike whether they were the enemy or our own soldiers. With many of them I am still keeping up a very intimate friendship. Do you condemn me as guilty of breaking my promise, if I make friends thus?"

Danski was in want of words to attack her.

"My brother wrote me," he replied, "how kindly you nursed him. From his deathbed he wrote me again later, asking me to thank you for your kindness. I do owe you gratitude. You are true to your promise, then, if I can believe your words. Is it a fact that you declined the proposal of the American?"

"Why should I tell you anything untrue." she responded, "I should think you would have known me better than that."

Danski recovered a little from his disappointment at this, and his vicious visage

and the harshness of his tone began to be softened.

"Then, Miss Hana," he said, "according to our agreement, you will marry me if your father approves, or you won't marry any one. Are you sure?"

He thrust his face towards her. Hana bent down and patted Maru to avoid being looked at so closely, as she made answer.

"That was our agreement, as I remember."

She answered this as if she threw away the words. The words were so cold that no sign of love or warmth could be seen in them. Danski was not satisfied by the answer.

"Now tell me," he asked, "how I can get your father's sanction?"

He was eagerly expecting her reply, in anticipation that she would plan some way if she really wished to marry him. Hana raised her face, and made her answer very plain and clear so that he could not mistake it, —

"That is impossible. Your proposal has not been made honorably, you can never

get my father's sanction that way. What was the letter you sent me this evening? You have threatened me like a coward. Do you suppose you can attain your ambition, by thus threatening any one? If you think you can you are greatly mistaken. You can never subdue us Japanese by violence, especially would my father who is a *samurai* never give his daughter to a coward. As long as you have such a rotten heart as that, you can never get his approval."

This went quite sharply into his bosom, and again he seemed disappointed.

"What shall I do then?" he said sadly, "How can we fulfil our compact?"

"I am fulfilling it already," she replied, "I am declining all proposals, and living the life of a spinster. You can see how faithfully I am observing my promise."

Hana had been looking at him for a while, then she continued pleadingly, —

"Mr. Danski, if you pity me, please be contented with my keeping my promise as I have told you. It is impossible for me to submit to any further demand of yours. As long as you are faithful to your word, I

will also keep my own word, and live my lonely life. Your brother knew how sincere I am, and I believe he understood me better than you do ; if he were living now I know he could make you understand. I am not deceiving you, and if you see my sincerity, please don't ask me in marriage any more. I am fulfilling my promise, and I can not go any farther."

Hana's plea made no impression on his heart and reason, which never had possessed human warmth and understanding. It was far beyond her hope to make him contented with her reasoning.

"Then," he cried, in despair, "you mean I cannot marry you after all ? "

"Well," she said, after an interval of silence, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Danski."

Danski was roused then, and cried, —

"See here, Miss Hana, if you love me you can marry me even against your father's wish, as long as I am willing. Before I come to my final decision, I want to ask you one thing. Do you love me, Miss Hana ? "

"Yes, as a friend." she replied.

"Not any more, then?" he asked.

"No, I cannot." was her simple response.

"Miss Hana," he cried angrily, "I won't ask you any thing tiresome. Now come, I will take you to Russia. This — elopement — was the object of my calling you out here to-night. Come, if you love me."

Hana returned a disdainful smile at his scheme.

"Would you love a woman who dared to do a black deed like that?" she asked. "If I have any virtue at all it must be the courage not to submit to evil deeds under any oppression. Do you try to persuade me to do a thing against righteousness?"

These words of hers went sorely into his heart, and he was desperate now.

"I knew it was useless," he growled, "to deal with you from the front. I am going to attack you from the rear. I won't ask for your consent any more; I only ask you to make up your mind whether you will obey me or not. If you do not obey me....."

The giant stood erect. Hana was not frightened in the least.

"And what," she calmly asked, "if I don't obey you?"

"I'll kill you, that's all."

He took out a pistol from his pocket. Hana, who was watching him, slowly raised herself.

"Mr. Danski," she said calmly, "our agreement has lost its effect at this moment, with the flourish of your pistol. You have broken it yourself, in thus threatening one of the weaker sex with a weapon. I am responsible for observing an agreement undertaken sincerely, but I am not bound to submit to basely planned threatenings. I am free now, and shall give my hand to any one I wish. —

"Good-bye, Mr. Danski. —

"You have no claim on me, any more. As for my life, take it if you can."

She stood erect now with some thing in her right hand, perhaps it was a weapon for her own defence. And Danski who thought himself able to accomplish his selfish motive by mere threatening, was a

little astonished at her unexpected manner, and watched her mutely for awhile.

Hana did not move. She had a strong determination to make Danski resign her, or submit to her will, in order to avoid danger to her dear friend — to the last — even at the hazard of her own life.

Danski could not tamely draw back his pistol.

"You forsake me then?" he demanded.

"Of course; you have retreated from the path of humanity." was her sharp response.

With an angry cry, — "Then give me your life," — he raised his pistol against her. Now she was in extreme danger. A touch on the trigger would carry her away from this world, leaving only her bleeding remains. The man who dared this act of cruelty against her was wicked. She was in the jaws of a cruel monster.

Maru was crouching at her feet, fixing his eyes on the enemy; he knew intuitively his mistress was in danger. A moment before Danski pulled the trigger, he sprang upon the enemy with wonderful vivacity,

"'You have retreated from the path of humanity.'"

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biting him ferociously on the right arm. At the same instant, the pistol dropped from his hand, and the trigger sprang by itself, — crack! and the bullet hit Danski in the very centre of his face. He tottered a little, fell heavily to the ground, and died.

It was like a dream to Hana. When she looked at the outstretched form she could not help but pity him. She went near the dead body, and knelt down to raise him; she sighed deeply, and the tears trickled down her cheeks.

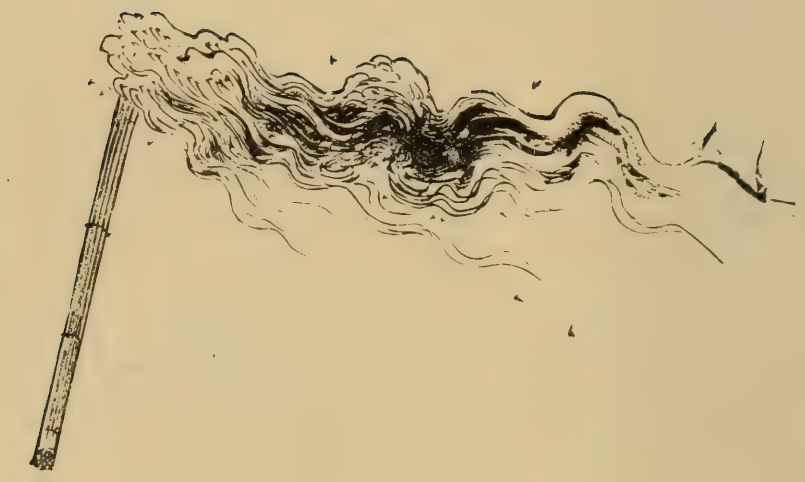
A few birds were scared away from their roost by the report of the pistol, and flew helplessly about in the darkness.

Torches were seen from the farther end of the woods, and the noise of a crowd was heard; it was her alarmed father and her friend coming to look for her.

* * * * * * *

It is now some years since this happened

at Nikko. Dr. Hayashi's new method of cooking has been gradually taking hold in America, and people say it has succeeded through the aid of Mr. Conner and his beloved wife Hana.



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